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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

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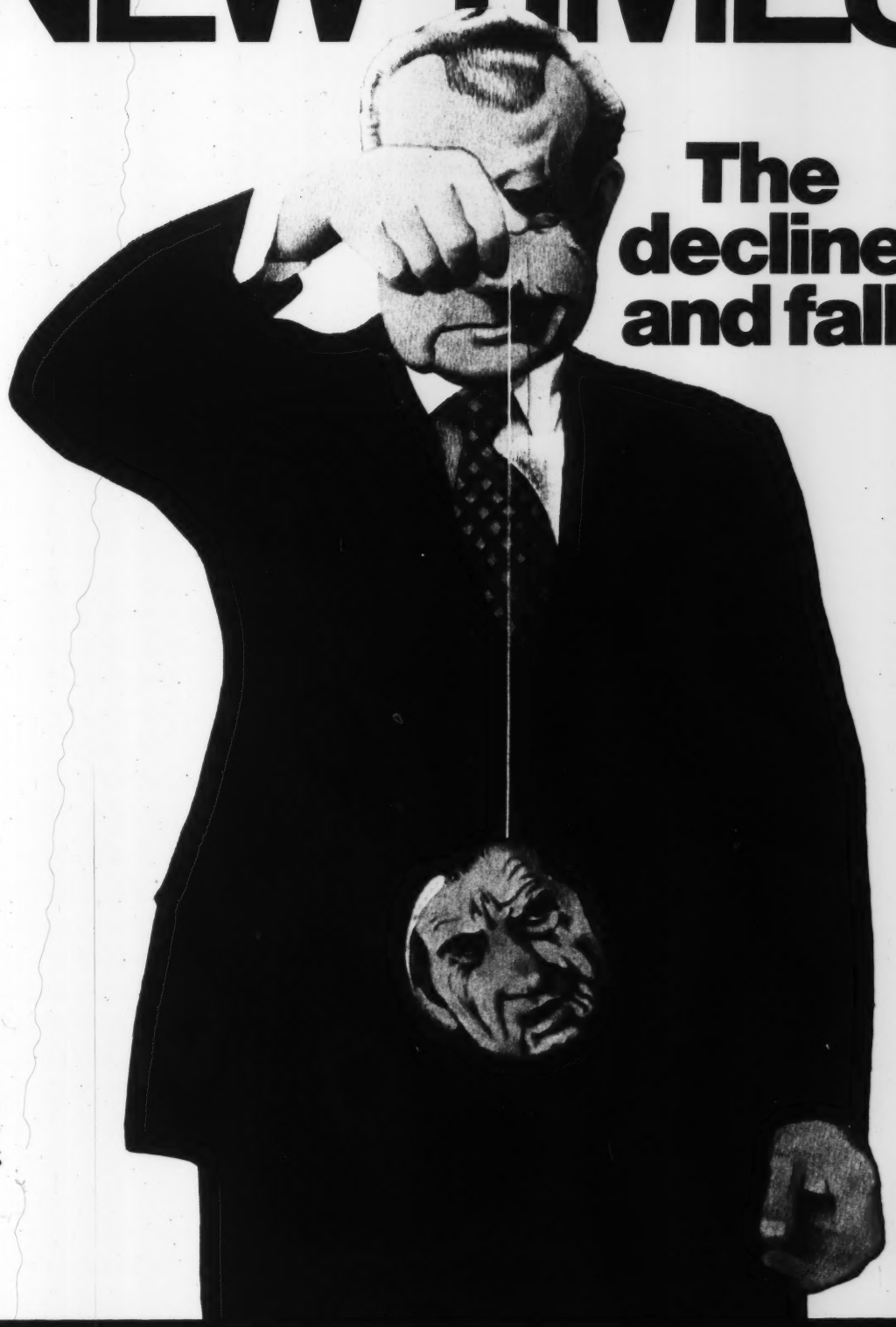

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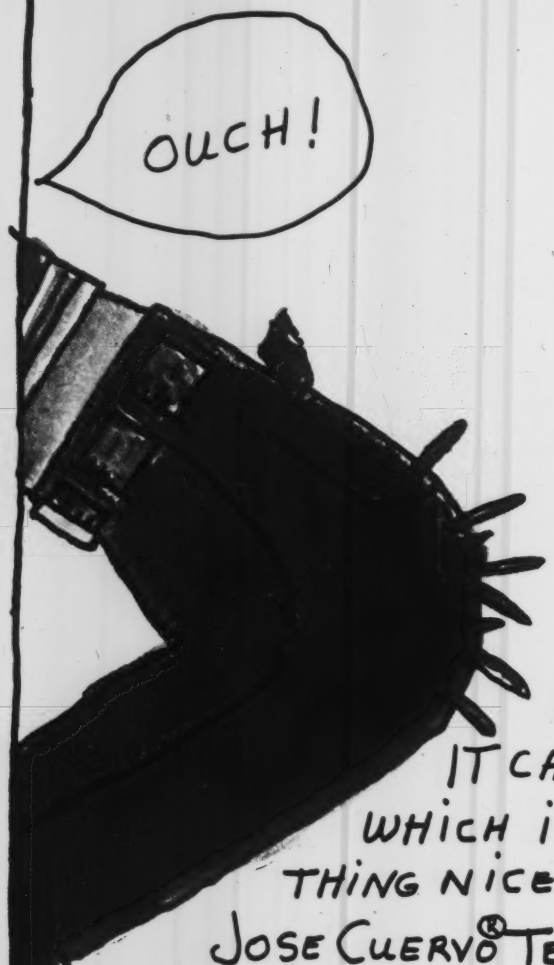

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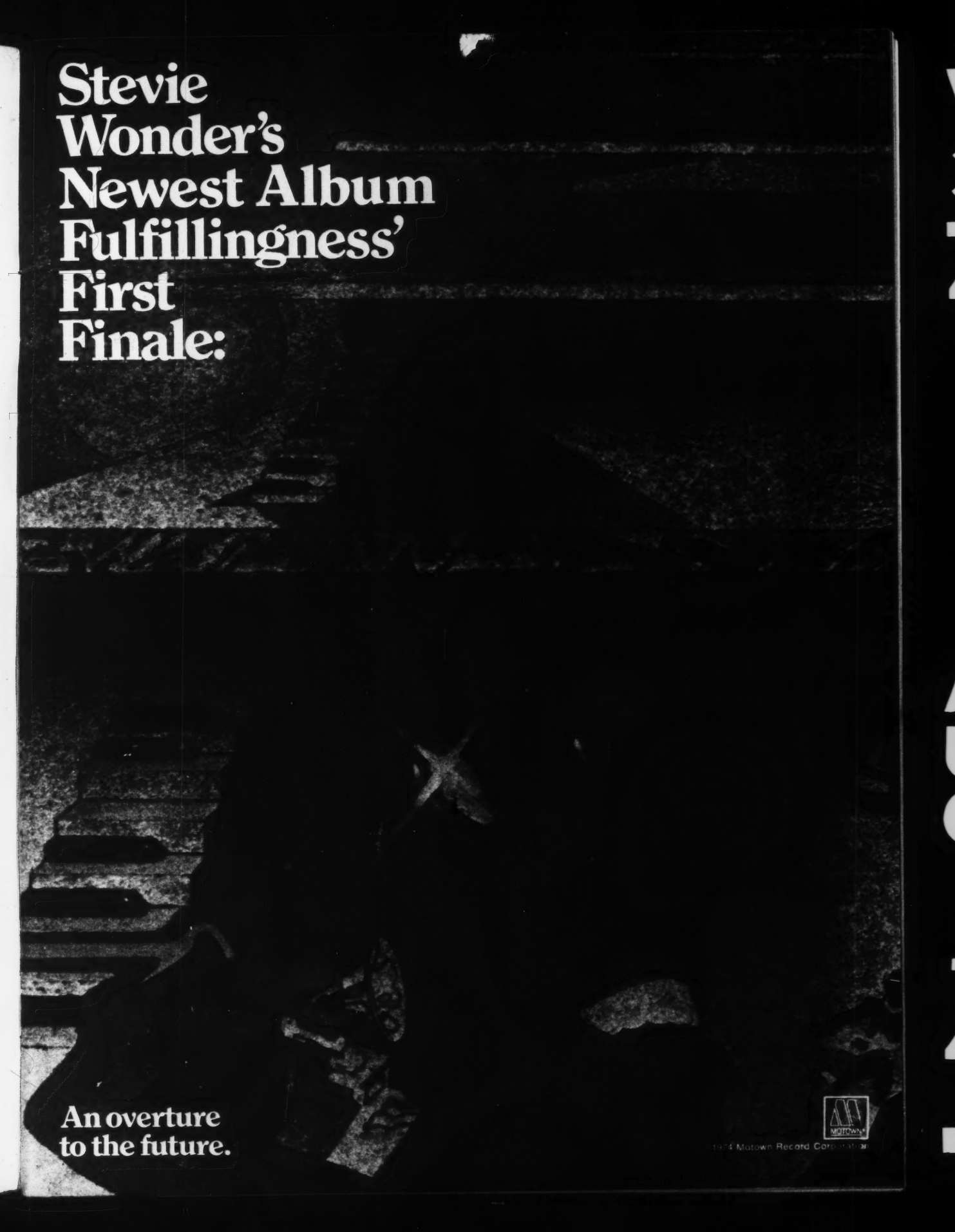
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NEW TIMES, August 23, 1974, Volume 3, Number 4

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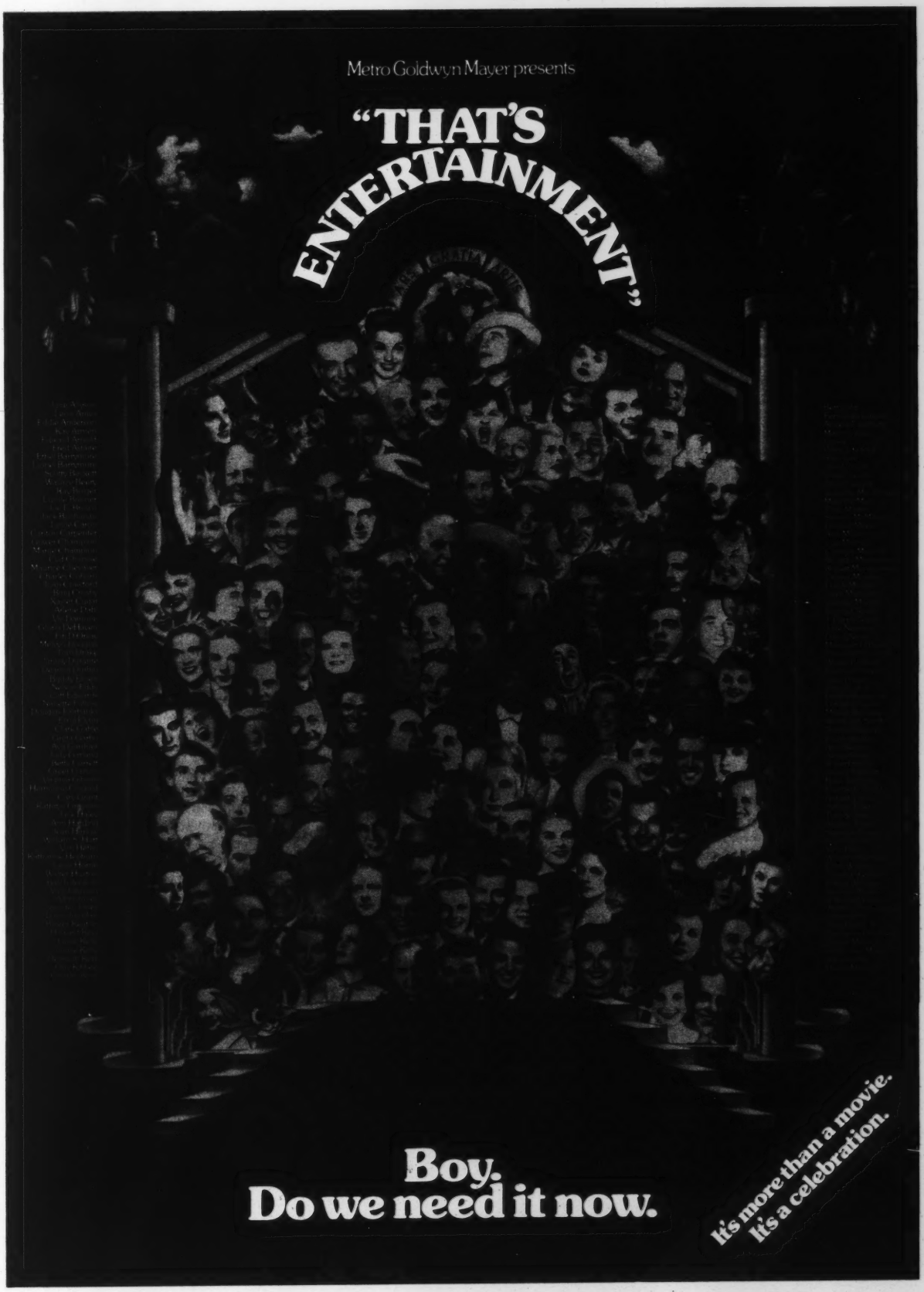
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LETTERS

Compliance requested

The information set forth in Nina Totenberg's article, *The Supreme Court: the last plantation*, July 26, 1974, coming at about the time of said court's unanimous decision requiring presidential release of tapes so that Justice can be done, indicates existence of a negative parallelism, probably heretofor unknown by the reading public

We have witnessed the operations of the House Judiciary Committee in search of Justice. We may witness the operations of the full House and the Senate in search of Justice. We ought to witness some body in operation against the employment practices of the Supreme Court to require full compliance with their own previous findings.

Leo W. Wallace
Livonia, Michigan

I always appreciate your magazine and try to read the majority of articles. In your Vietnam Anniversary issue (August 9, 1974), I have read and reread every article. I want to congratulate you all on this issue. To too many of us, Vietnam is now a closed issue and long forgotten, when in so many ways it should never and can never be erased. As the war continues there, our veterans continue theirs here.

It was ironic that this magazine arrived just when the House Judiciary Committee was reviewing the Articles of Impeachment of Nixon, one of the articles having to do with his actions in Cambodia.

The articles by Kevin Buckley, Ronald Ridenhour and Gloria Emerson clearly show the horrors of this undeclared war which continued for so long—too long— at the expense of the American people. It is easy to read statistics of the number of casualties—wounded and dead—but when each number becomes a human being—someone's husband, son, father, brother, friend, neighbor or other relative—it is not as easy. This country lost too many good people in a senseless war. I, for one, will never forgive the government for this.

With thanks for a terrific issue. Keep up the good work.

Margot Ulegner
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Exposure

Regardless of your opinion of Expo '74 ("Insider," July 26), you could at least have located it correctly in Spokane rather than Seattle. But maybe that's why your correspondent couldn't find the drinking fountains and I could?

Barbara Potter
Corvallis, Oregon

Editor's Note; We received 12 letters correcting us on the location of Expo '74. The error was the editor's and not the correspondent's.

Déjà vu

My god. Your Vietnam anniversary issue (August 9) was incredible. As a combat veteran of that miserable episode, I was brought to tears as Ridenhour, Buckley and the rest forced me to recollct all the sordid, ugly memories I had managed to forget over the years. It wasn't easy taking your magazine from the mailbox, looking at the cover and knowing damn well what was in store. But I read it. Cover to cover.

How I hated being reminded of the part I played in helping to bring American terror to the Vietnamese people. How I hated being driven once again to desperate analysis: trying to figure out what the whole thing was about and why it was so incalculably demented. How I hated that new, sassy *New Times* for printing such an intense, emotional and intelligent issue on the Vietnam debacle. How I hated myself for depending upon a periodical to teach me a rudimentary fact of life: that one cannot forget the past and expect to figure out the present.

A tremendous job, *New Times*. Thank you.

Dan Lynch
Sacramento, California

An excellent editorial and excellent issue. All United States *taxpayers* have BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS as you have given proof of in the Aug. 9, '74, Vietnam anniversary issue, yet what can we do now to stop adding more blood? I say support H.R. 7053, the "World Peace Tax Fund Act," which will provide for the individual taxpayer an alternative peaceful use of his tax monies if he opposes war on grounds of conscience. These monies would go to support U.S. domestic programs and U.N. programs already funded by the U.S. The military will still get its money, and those who choose the alternative will still be paying their full share of taxes, yet they will be able to be more at peace with their consciences. More information can be had from "your" representative in the House of Representatives, or from:

W.P.T.F. Steering Committee
Box 1447
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

Everett Green
Cohoes, N.Y.

Scouting around

I have just completed Bill Cardoso's article on the Boy Scouts of America, published in the July 26, 1974, issue of *New Times*.

Compared to his brilliant article in the previous issue on the subject of Oregon and its hospitality to newcomers, "Farewell to Scouts Honor" is a parody of journalism. I saw no more substance to the content than watery cream of wheat. I was involved in the Scouting movement for six or seven years as a teenager in a lower-middle-class suburb of Boston. During that time, I learned much about people and life that would have been impossible to learn in any other way. I was associated with many fine people who had dedicated their time to helping others. You must remember that the people on the local scene of BSA have invested much time and effort in helping young men and women grow in leadership and character.

Steve Burgess
St. Petersburg, Florida

May I congratulate you on your recent revelation concerning the lying, thieving, grease-sucking weasels who rule the BSA, Inc. (July 26). Not only was this article of great informative value, it also served to release me from the chains of guilt which have bound my conscience ever since I was thrown out of the Boy Scouts over 10 years ago.

Week after week I was subjected to the discipline of a scoutmaster who would have been a strong contender for D.I. at

Parris Island. One mosquito-infested evening, while marching around the baseball field, I decided to fall out of formation and devote more attention to the blood-sucking bombers who were strafing the troops.

Having refused strict orders to rejoin the ranks, I was found guilty of jeering the scoutmaster so as to distract attention and was given a dishonorable discharge.

Luckily, I had a very understanding father who realized that a young man had better things to do with his energy.

Robert G. Murphy
Framingham, Mass.

No more bazooms, please

I have decided to cancel my subscription to *New Times*, and I thought you might be interested in my reasons for doing so. I also thought that you might not give a shit, but it might do me some good anyway.

I have no argument with your basic politics. How could I? With my educational background, ethnic background and other liberal credentials, *New Times* and I were practically made for each other. There was only one basic flaw: I don't think that your readers were expected to be female, and certainly not feminists. *New Times* is extremely male oriented— women are rarely mentioned except as show business personalities. The only article I remember reading that was about the Women's Movement concerned its influence on the male's new kind of idealized woman, written by a man, of course. Now that your writers have started referring to breasts as "bazooms," as well as quoting Sinatra's opinion of Cybill Shepherd (which I would hardly call newsworthy anyway), I really have no choice; intellectual discomfort has evolved into nausea.

Diana Zuckerman
Columbus, Ohio

Editor's Note: We are sorry to see you go, as are our female editors and frequent female contributors.

Jagged

After reading Janet Maslin's review of my book, *Mick Jagger* (July 26), it became clear to me (as it must have to your readers) that your house groupie is upset because Jagger turns out to be less than heroic.

Maslin's myopia made it impossible for her to recognize something that at least a few reviewers have clearly seen: that I wrote the biography of Jagger as a trashy novel because the lives of the Stones were trashy lives—a combination sordidness and soap opera. Early on, during my months of research in London, I came to understand that just as important as the basic facts of Jagger's life were the feelings, emotions and *thoughts* of the men and women around Jagger, reacting to Jagger and Brian and to the events that swallowed them all. Every thought attributed to a character in the book is what that person said he/she thought and felt at that particular time. It isn't a trick; it is their reality, and my reporting of that reality.

And that, despite Maslin, is what my book is all about—the reality of Mr. Mick Jagger, Superstar.

Tony Scaduto
New York City

Drugged state

Your article on drugs ("Prescription payola," July 26) is an accurate summary of the disturbing events uncovered during the past six months of hearings before the Health Subcommittee.

Although the first phase of those hearings—dealing with the advertising, marketing and promotion of prescription drugs—has been completed, we are about to embark upon the second phase—the process by which new drugs are researched and developed in this country.

The Committee on Labor and Public Welfare will be holding mark-up sessions on S. 3441 even as phase two proceeds. I am hopeful that it will be passed by the Senate by this fall.

Edward M. Kennedy,
Chairman
Senate Health Subcommittee

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BEHIND THE SCENES

The underground press has been on the wane for several years now, but it leaves behind an impressive legacy from its heyday in the late '60s-early '70s: a collection of fine young writers spawned in the backrooms and dingy lofts that served as underground newsrooms. Take, for example, Sam Merrill, who wrote this issue's story on Hugh Hefner.

At the beginning, Sam had no interest in journalism of any kind—underground or overground. "I wrote a novel in college," he says, "and I was positive that I would be an instant immortal. At the very least, my book would replace *A Catcher in the Rye* as *the* poignant, bittersweet story of adolescence. So I sat around, waiting to be famous."

After a few weeks of sitting, Sam decided that it might be wise to investigate other options, and the following fall he enrolled in Columbia Law School. He lasted exactly four days. "It was awful," he says. "Everyone else was just thrilled to be there, just relishing the thought of doing F. Lee Bailey. But I was there because I was a failure at what I really wanted to do. Before the end of the first week I came down with colitis."

The recuperation period—six months on his parents' couch watching the Mets win the world championship—was followed, to Sam's utter surprise, by an offer to become the editor of the *Metropolitan Review*, a new underground paper being launched in New York. "That was the underground press," he says. "It didn't matter that I'd never written a word of nonfiction in my life. I *had* written an unsold novel and that was enough. In that world, if you had the chutzpah to think of a title and get a record ad, you had yourself a publication."

MR lasted for two nerve-wracking, frenetic years—time enough for Sam to convince himself that he was a talented journalist—and when the paper folded ("our checks were bouncing all over Manhattan"), he was ready to try his luck as a free lance. At first his free-lancing luck wasn't much better than his luck as a novelist. His first piece, a 10,000-word history of the Boston underground press, went unpublished. But his second, a profile of Mason Hoffenberg, the down-and-out co-author of *Candy*, which he decided to send in blind to *Playboy*, was bought. "But I wasn't home free yet," he recalls. "Between the time when the article was bought and when it actually appeared, I wrote an unproduced screenplay to add to my unpublished novel."

Then things began to click into place. In rapid succession, publications as varied as *Esquire, Sports Illustrated, Harper's, True* and *Oui*, in addition to *NEW TIMES*, commissioned him to write articles, and he has just signed a major book contract. "I can't say anything about it yet," he says with the studied nonchalance of the very recently *nouveau riche*, "except to report that it was they who came to me with it."

George A. Hirsch

Winston

tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CLIPPINGS

Money

Mrs. Mary Vail bought this nanny goat to eat the weeds in the yard of her La Puente, California, home. The omnivorous nanny somehow broke into Mrs. Vail's home and began grazing on $302 in bills Mrs. Vail had received that day in Small Claims Court. The goat got all of it down before Mrs. Vail could do anything to stop it. A veterinarian suggested a salt treatment. Nothing happened. The money stayed down. The vet operated and took $301 from nanny's plumbing. Although fairly well masticated, $250 was good enough to swap for new bills. Parts of another $50 were sent to the government for exchange. One dollar had become a part of the goat, etc. Bill for the operation came to $27.50. The goat died.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Hi Yo

Charles Contris turned his pork-processing plant in Newberry, South Carolina, into a pony-processing plant. During a good week he sells 10,000 pounds of pony cuts: "rib eyes," "T-bones," "roasts" and so on. This upset folks around Newberry. Pony steaks sell for about half what beefsteaks sell for. They are reasonably tender, smell like venison and taste gamy. The taste clings like the smell of a horse. People eat everything from snails and grubs to possum and armadillo, but pony? Ponypophigi may be unpopular down in that spot in Dixie, "but pretty soon people saw that little children were getting kicked and bitten by ponies," Contris said, "and they called us to get them off their hands."—from the Charlotte *Observer*

Roach Murder

John Kelly caught himself a roach in the dental laboratory in which he works in New York City. He put it in a large lab jar and raised it. He fed it bits of bread, pizza and sandwiches, softened in coffee. In six months on this diet the cockroach exploded to nearly six inches long and half the width of a frankfurter. "They seem to like wet, gucky things," Kelly said. ". . . It wasn't hurting anyone," he said. "It just sat around eating. . . ." Even so, everyone in Kelly's lab hated his shiny, sleek creature. Somebody murdered it.—from the New York *Daily News*

Diet Right

The Zaire team won the right to have special monkey-cooking facilities at the World Cup Soccer matches in West Germany. Monkey is the chief training meat of the Zaire athlete. The Zaire team also was given the right to have its favorite witch doctor on the sidelines during all its matches. Zaire did not win.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Eats

Dr. Raymond M. Wheeler, an expert on hunger, told a panel on malnutrition in Chapel Hill, N.C., that more than one-third of the cat and dog food sold in city slums is being eaten by human beings.—from the Charlotte *Observer*

Chocolate Cheese

Theodore Hedrick, a professor of science and nutrition at Michigan State, has been worrying for years about the amount of junk food children eat. So he has invented chocolate cheese. The cheese contains scraps of Cheddar, Gouda or whatnot; cocoa, marshmallows, peanuts and nonfat dried milk.—from the New York *Times*

Hope

Five dollars sent to Michael Ricoud in Versailles, France, would get you a dozen of his aphrodisiac candies by mail. You could get two pounds of the same candy in a supermarket for about 95 cents: but, no help. Ricoud was tried for fraud and fined $400. "I offered hope," he said.—from United Press International

Hash

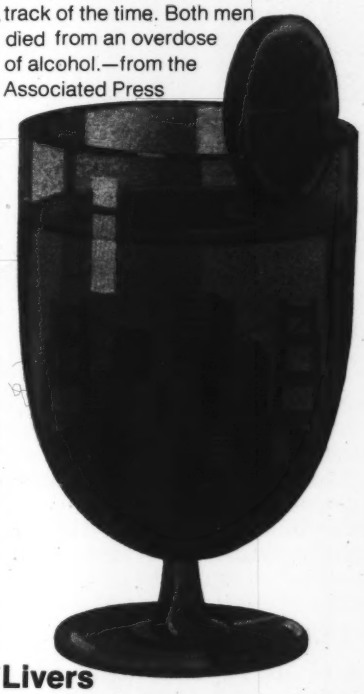
Two men were convicted of attempting to smuggle dope into England. Each had swallowed 24 condoms containing liquid hashish and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLEN WELKIS

were near death when they arrived at Heathrow Airport after a vacation in Morocco.—from the New York *Post*

Chug-A-Lug

Two men in their 30s tried to settle a long-standing dispute over who could drink the most in a bar in Ft.Walton Beach, Fla. Each drank more than a quart of gin apiece, but there was no winner because the timekeeper lost track of the time. Both men died from an overdose of alcohol.—from the Associated Press



Livers

The death rate from cirrhosis of the liver attributed to heavy drinking in San Francisco is five times that of the national average, the city public health department announced. It's 73.4 per 100,000 deaths in San Francisco. The national average is 15.7.—from the New York *Post*

Julep Story

Once a year students at Oxford sit down in one of their ancient dining rooms and sip mint juleps, toasting during the sippin' an empty chair with a place set before it. On June 1, 1845, a South Carolina planter named William Heyware Trapier visited Oxford, and feeling the heat of the day, asked for a julep. Everybody knows they don't drink anything but sack, port and that sort of thing around Oxford. So when Trapier embarked, he left a recipe for juleps and money for a round each year unto eternity, providing, of course, they'd set him a place.—from the Charlotte *Observer*

Solution

Senator Hubert Humphrey suggested that Americans eat one less hamburger a week so that the grain consumed by cattle to create the hamburger might be used to feed people starving abroad. "Nonsense," said Earl Butz, secretary of agriculture. If Americans really want to help, he said, they could start by killing half the 62 million dogs, cats and horses in this country. It takes a lot of grain to keep them alive and content, he said.—from the New York *Times*

A Living

Stephanie Segars, who is 15 years old, earned more than $1,000 after school last year designing and making pasties and G-strings for burlesque dancers in Tampa, Fla., where she lives.—from the Associated Press

Bucks

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the basketball player, earned $431 for each of the 948 field goals he scored last season for the Milwaukee Bucks.—from the Charleston (W.Va.) *Gazette*

Sweepers

A raise next June will put the annual wage of a San Francisco streetsweeper at more than $17,000 a year. More than 700 applicants are being considered for a chance at a few of the 230 sweeping jobs.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Highest

The highest paid executive at General Motors in 1973, Richard Gerstenberg, received $923,000.—from the San Francisco *Chronicle*

Pengo Situation

In Hungary in 1946, 828 octillion pengos equaled the purchasing power of a single pengo before inflation. That's 828,000,000-000,000,000,000,000,000 pengos.—from Anon.

Security

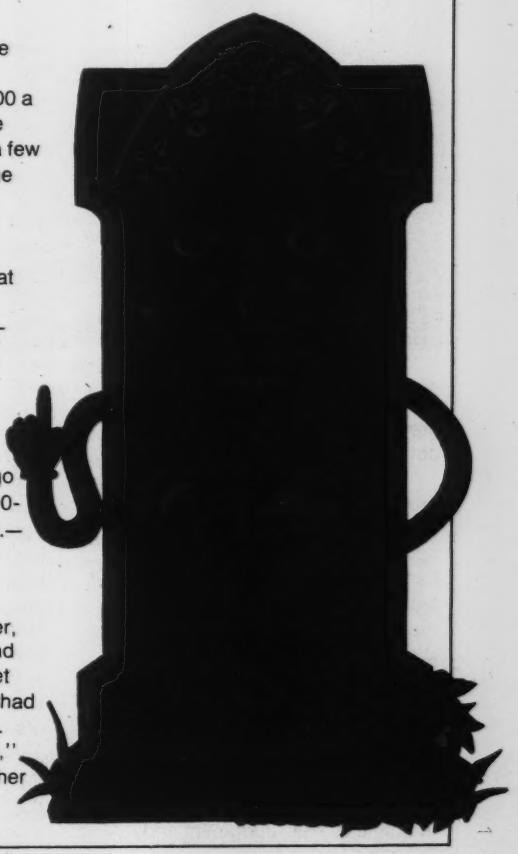
A San Angelo, Texas, welder, Ellis Motl, hides rattlesnakes around his shop after business hours to get anyone who might enter. Burglars had taken $2,000 worth of tools from it. "They're cheaper than watchdogs," Motl says. "They don't bark or bother anybody."—from the Houston *Chronicle*

Smokey

A House agriculture subcommittee approved a resolution: "That it is the sense of the Congress when Smokey Bear goes to that great honey tree in the sky it is just and fitting that he shall be returned home to his place of birth, Capitan, New Mexico, for proper disposition and a permanent memorial in or near Capitan among the cool green mountains where he was born." Harold Runnels, a representative from New Mexico, sponsored the resolution. "We're just getting ready," said Runnels. Smokey, 24, is grumpy and stiff but healthy, the United States Forest Service said.—from the New York *Times*

Requiescat in Pace

Donald Wells, of Pompano Beach, Florida, sells talking tombstones. Actually, the tombstone shows pictures as well as broadcasting the deceased person's voice. A customer must go to Wells's firm, Eternal Monument, long before he is going to die in order to film and tape himself for his tombstone.—*San Francisco Magazine*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLEN WELKIS

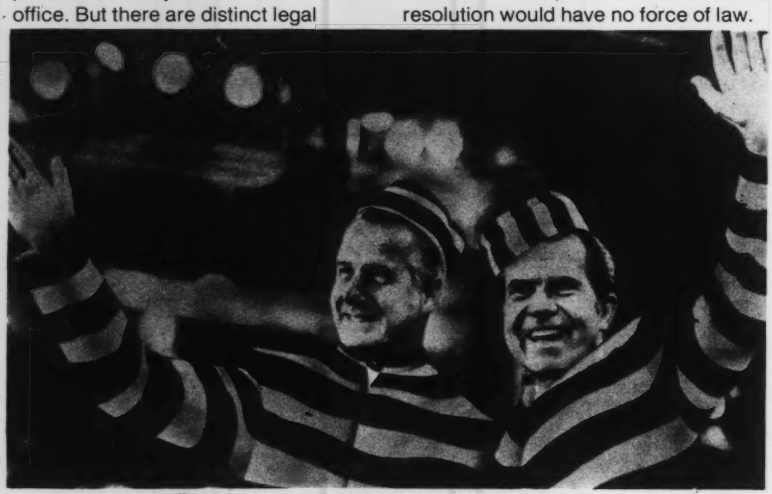
Nixon's chances for immunity

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Will Nixon go to jail?

Answer: probably not. The blood lust in the capital seems to be abating. Most politicians there just want Nixon out of office. But there are distinct legal problems to be overcome in order to prevent Nixon's prosecution and conviction on criminal charges.



The harder they come, the harder they fall

The one sure way Nixon can be protected would be by President Jerry Ford granting him a pardon in advance—which is possible under current law but improbable because it would be too controversial. The other most frequently mentioned suggestion is a congressional grant of immunity from prosecution. But there are serious doubts whether this would be constitutional, for the Constitution clearly says in its impeachment provision that "the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment according to the Law." Top House Judiciary lawyers believe a grant of immunity would be constitutional only if it were made by a conditional amendment.

Another suggestion is a congressional resolution expressing the sense of the Congress that the President not be prosecuted. But such a resolution would have no force of law.

A fourth possibility would be an agreement with Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski that he not prosecute Nixon, although it is highly unlikely Jaworski would make such an agreement without broad congressional support. In addition, there are grave legal questions—and moral questions—about letting the President off scott free. How could it be explained that Ehrlichman, Kalmbach and Colson go to jail for carrying out orders of a man who is not prosecuted for those same offenses. Even House Minority Leader John Rhodes has said he does not think Congress has the power to immunize the President from prosecution. And even if something could be worked out on the obstruction of justice charges, Nixon also has serious tax problems that have been referred to the Special Prosecutor's office for possible prosecution.

Still another problem facing Nixon is the plethora of civil suits that could conceivably be filed against him by, for example, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist or the members of his Administration and reporters who he ordered tapped. There is precedent for Congress indemnifying a person for civil suits—in other words, providing for a government payment of any judgment. But as one top Judiciary Committee lawyer put it, "People must be smoking pot around here if they think anything like that would pass the Congress."

The Ford presidency

The day after Nixon's confession on the tapes, Vice President Jerry Ford attended a closed-door breakfast with 10 congressmen. Many of the questions to him started with "when you become president" and Ford never disputed the thesis. In fact, he declared, "The ball game is over." If the President doesn't resign, Ford added, he will be impeached. At the meeting Ford outlined his plans for the economy once he becomes president. He foresees no wage-price controls, but does stress fiscal and monetary restraint. He said he's bent on doing the necessary vetoing to cut the budget. And he thinks that if spending can be held down, Arthur Burns at the Federal Reserve Board can lower interest rates.

At one point in the meeting one of the congressmen brought up the subject of Nixon's mental state and wondered aloud as to whether any controls had been put on the use of the "little black box." Ford remained somewhat noncommittal, saying only,

ILLUSTRATION BY HAL JUST

"I think I know what you mean."

The subject of Ford's choice for vice president is already being discussed everywhere in Washington. Names such as Richardson, Ruckelshaus, Reagan, etc., are being floated. In fact, some Rockefeller staffer even pulled the old trick of calling NBC to deny the rumor that Rocky was Ford's choice.

The selling of ambassadorships

Court observers are looking forward to a batch of indictments shortly in the case of the alleged sale of ambassadorships. When the Supreme Court ruled that the President could not invoke executive privilege in criminal cases, it opened the door for the private files of former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans to be used in the case, and that turnover was the key. Some observers believe that Stans and H.R. "Bob" Haldeman might be among those indicted for accepting 1972 presidential campaign contributions in return for ambassadorships. Former Nixon attorney Herbert Kalmbach has turned state's witness in the case and will probably be indicted only on a minor charge as a co-conspirator.

Stans: another indictment?

The health lobby gears up against national insurance

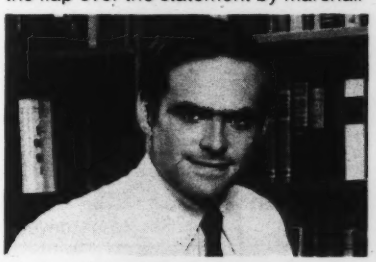
The nation's health lobby is pouring funds into House and Senate races this fall in hopes of heading off any form of national health insurance. As of the last campaign reporting date—May 31—the health groups had already contributed more than $410,000 to candidates. The lobby has another $3 million in the kitty to spend before November. In past years, health groups like the American Medical Association and the American Dental Association have anteed up big money but never on such a scale. The nearly $3.5 million on hand for 1974 is over 200 percent more than the groups spent in all of 1972.

MEDIA

By John Leo

The education of Marshall Field

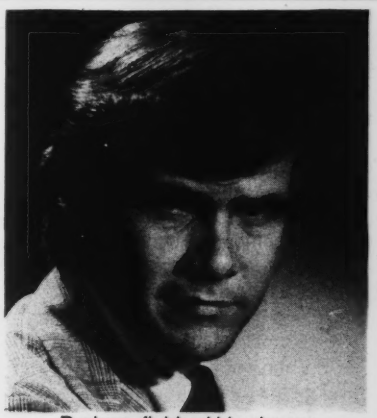
Field Enterprises has set up a "credibility commission" as a result of the flap over the statement by Marshall Field V (publisher of the Chicago *Sun-Times* and *Daily News*) that reporters ought to be personally and legally responsible for mistakes and damaging stories they write. The Newspaper Guild and reporters in general were outraged. The commission, which will probably recommend an in-house media critic, says one reporter, is regarded as "partly an effort to educate Field about the news business."



Field: doesn't like responsibility

Alpo, anyone?

Tom Brokaw is NBC-TV's White House reporter, and therefore in the semi-permanent shadow of CBS's Dan Rather. As one of the three candidates for co-host of the *Today* show, Brokaw had a chance to escape the Rather shadow and raise his salary dramatically. But he flubbed his chance by telling NBC he didn't think reporters should do commercials, an essential on *Today*. So the job went to Jim Hartz, who has no problem with the newsman-as-shill. Hartz says he was surprised at how few commercials he has to do, and anyway "it brings in vital revenue to the news department and is a requirement of the job."



Brokaw: flubbed his chance

What's going on at Harper's?

Harper's will have its three new publications in print by the fall. The first, *The Book Letter*, has just appeared—a book review in newsletter format which is intended to "celebrate" books, old and new, rather than criticize, though a spokesman said "a few" negative reviews may appear from time to time.

Next off the line will be *The Best of Books*, a direct competitor with Charney and Varonis' *Book Digest*, except that *Best* will simply run a key chapter from various nonfiction books, with no attempt to abridge or excerpt. It will also include some author interviews and shop talk.

Finally, *Harper's Weekly*, the most ambitious of the three ventures, will be a 16-page tabloid aimed at combining hard news with audience participation. It will attempt to let public figures write in their own names and will make room for amateur writers on the theory that most of the media make direct access among readers, and between the public and public figures, a fairly rare commodity. It will also stress good news and service-oriented information. Editor Tony Jones, who says the concept for the weekly is "very fluid," explains: "There's an audience out there that believes in the power of the individual to change his life. But

there's no sense of access to the media—the media are something that hit him in the head."

What are these Harper's ventures all about? Well, first, with inflation and soaring paper and mailing costs, the magazine world is in trouble and the general-interest magazines like *Harper's* are the most vulnerable. Like cigarette companies scrambling to diversify into non-cancerous products, it makes sense for general-interest magazines to protect themselves by trying to tap specialized audiences.

Then, too, Harper's has developed a publishing philosophy that is positively flower-power when compared with the rest of the industry. It has borrowed some of the service theories that Charney and Varonis tried to put into effect at *Saturday Review* and related theories that went into *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. (Harper's now sells tools and gadgets; *The Best of Books* will take orders for books.) Harper's also believes that the media and their consumers are somehow alienated, and that the future will belong to journals that in some sense "belong" to the readers. An interesting and heady philosophy, viewed with wonderment by much of the industry.

Watergate runneth over

The Nielsen book for the first two weeks of July shows nearly a two-point drop in ratings for network shows when compared with July of 1973. The drop, which comes totally out of the NBC and ABC shares (CBS, the leader, is exactly the same), is being interpreted as boredom with Watergate. Gallup says that the percentage of Americans who think the media are giving us too much on the subject has risen from 48 percent to 53 percent in a year.

HEALTH

By Marlon Steinmann

Breathless hair sprays

It may be a good thing that hair spray is going out of style. Drs. Eugenija Zuskin and Arend Bouhuys of the Yale University Lung Research Center recently sprayed three different brands on the hair of 20 healthy people (14 men and six women)—and discovered that a 20-second exposure caused a constriction of the small airways of their lungs.

"It is a matter of concern," the Yale doctors write in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, ". . . that a commonly used consumer product should have a systematic effect on the airways of healthy persons. It is possible that repeated exposures to aerosolized products such as hair spray are causal factors in some cases of asthma or bronchitis."

Return to nature: a giant step backwards

Air pollution, with its deleterious effect on health, is usually thought to be a blight unique to modern industrial civiliation. Not necessarily so. In the Stone Age villages of New Guinea's Eastern Highlands, Dr. Kenneth Master of New York Medical College found that men and women habitually spend much of their time in a heavily polluted atmosphere caused by the smoky fires they build inside their huts in order to keep warm. As a result, 78 percent of the natives over the age of 40 have chronic lung disease, and it is the leading cause of death.

Courtesy of The Bettman Archive

Underdeveloped air pollution

"Living in shacks on nature's bosom may not be as salubrious as envisioned by some ecology buffs," comments an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "Apparently, the return to the blissful natural state entails a giant step backwards."

Birth control by breast-feeding

How does breast-feeding rank as a method of birth control? In a review of available data in *Studies in Family Planning*, Jeroen Van Ginneken concludes that prolonged nursing—for a year or two—does postpone the next pregnancy some five to ten months longer than if the mother does not nurse. However, breast-feeding is *not* as effective as modern contraceptives. Pregnancy rates during nursing average 11 to 12 per 100 women per year, while the rates when a woman is on the pill or wearing an IUD are less than five pregnancies per 100 women per year.

Artificially inseminated are legitimate

Keeping in tune with the times, not to mention science, has always been a struggle for the law. But now and again, the lawmakers do succeed in updating their antiquated statutes to cover novel situations. A recent case in point: the New York Legislature has now legitimized children born by artificial insemination—provided, of course, that the parents are married and the insemination is "performed by persons duly authorized to practice medicine." The only other states to have passed a law recognizing the legitimacy of artificially inseminated children are Oklahoma, Georgia and Kansas.

THE WORD

Nelse Jr. gets a raise

Inflation, according to multimillionaire Nelson Rockefeller, is definitely becoming "a serious problem." Said the Rock, "I've had to raise my son's allowance." On a visit to a newspaper convention in Toronto, Rockefeller admitted that 10-year-old Nelson Jr. could no longer get by on his weekly allowance of 60 cents. "We shouldn't give the kids too much," Rocky said. "It can lead to unreasonable expectations." So Nelsy got a raise to $1 a week—but on the condition he keep a weekly account book recording all his income, expenditures and savings.

Sitting still

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Let me try to explain how the traffic was. It was as though the road were a piece of toast, paved with strawberry preserves, and the cars were the close-packed and numerous little seeds in the jelly.

Or, if you picture the roadway as a river down which logs are floating, and imagine each log to be a car, and at a certain point there's a narrowing or snag in the river, which causes all the logs to come together and stop, that should give you some idea of how the traffic was, if you can believe me, one Friday evening not long ago when I was endeavoring to drive out of the city, intent on a weekend of frolic and caramel-colored carbonated beverages.

Though in my car, I was sitting absolutely still! I wasn't getting anywhere. My engine was—apt word—*idling*. Imagine my frustration! It wasn't that I was in a hurry, or had a connection to make, or someone to meet. It was the principle of the thing. Sitting still!

Un-American, that's the word for it. If you can't move west, or move forward, or up in the world, at least move *somewhere*. Did you ever see Gary Cooper sit contemplating under a tree? Did you ever hear of a hero who professed no interest in what's over the next hill? You bet your bottom gallon you didn't. We like to keep on the go, here in the New World.

But I was sitting still so long in my car, I don't know, there must have been something subversive about the experience; I think it got to me.

I started thinking about all the vital things to which one normally devotes one's time, that, sitting still, I wasn't doing.

I wasn't working, or staring at a clock, or riding the subway.

I wasn't looking after my survival: doing the laundry, or grocery shopping, or going to the bank or post office, or cleaning the bathroom, or trying to get my front end aligned; I wasn't making a tuna sandwich, or going over my phone bill, or getting around to answering mail, or returning overdue library books, or watering my plants, or demanding my money back, or trying to get an insurance company to pay, or making an appointment. I wasn't on hold.

I wasn't having fun: seeing if there's anything good on, doing anything with a ball or watching people do anything with a ball; I wasn't watching the Cronk, or standing in line at a movie, or straining to hear a play, or being rocked by a band, or spending money in a bar, or dancing like a fool, or trying to take leave of my senses. Nor was I flipping through a magazine, or putting a record on, or trying to convey to a complete stranger amid deafening noise in one minute that I am the sort of person a person like her would like.

And I wasn't improving myself: walking through a museum, or attending a lecture, discussion, reading, symposium, film series or religious service. I wasn't eating brown rice, or wheat germ, nor was I trying to read a book, or meditating, or jogging. I was not learning speed-reading, auto-mechanics or judo, in the day or evening.

And I wasn't changing the world: leafleting, or collecting signatures, or rallying to a cause; nor was I writing to my rep, or to a responsible official, or an editor, or to a regulatory agency, or an international commission. I wasn't phoning in a tip about a polluter, nor writing a check to a charity, public interest group, candidate or legal defense fund. I wasn't defining the issues, or talking frankly, or bargaining in good faith. I certainly wasn't making hard-nosed decisions.

I was sitting still. There was not the slightest chance I'd even have to get up and answer a Jehovah's Witness at the door. Sitting still! I confess: I decided I had to have more of it.

The next day I found my way to a secluded spot on the shore of a New England lake, a perfectly beautiful spot— nothing "magnificent" about it, no snow-capped peaks or any of that high-profile razzle-dazzle. The hills weren't too big. The trees weren't too tall. Everything was just life-size; you could fit right into it.

I sat down, and that's all.

The sun shone on me. Sunbathers know how it feels:

First you feel warm. Then as the surface of your skin heats up you draw away from it, deeper into yourself, until as your skin reaches a scorching temperature, you are spelunking through your innermost recesses, elbow to elbow with shimmering thoughts which never see sunlight. Neither sleeping nor awake, you melt into your surroundings, like a turtle on a rock.

Sitting still, you lose track of time, not being able to bind it to space as you do when you're moving and were one place *then* and are another place *now*. But you see its unmeasured passage.

The lake turns from blue through mirror-white to grey, its green-forested islands gradually darkening to silhouette against the sky growing pink. As crickets' chirping supplants grasshoppers' rasping, cool air flows out of the forest down to the water's edge.

When you do nothing and no one speaks to you or moves within your sight, it's as though you cease to exist at all in the usual way.

I sat still for just one afternoon. I'd like to try it longer sometime. I could see doing it endlessly. The only reason I stood up and moved was because I got hungry. And had work to do. And I wanted to have fun. Improve myself. (Change the world.) ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

LBJ through Watergate-colored glasses

By Larry L. King

When they first began to back him into the fatal corner—*why'd you take that tax write-off for your papers, Mr. President? how many people have you bugged?*—Richard Nixon said in effect, well, that Lyndon Johnson had told him to do the former and, for that matter, LBJ had perhaps tapped more people than Scull and Bones. Yes, he leaned heavily on LBJ in his early defenses, knowing that at the end of his troubled reign, Lyndon Johnson had left the presidency under the darkest cloud since Herbert Hoover. No doubt it appeared, to Richard Nixon, to be a convenient and profitable comparison; possibly he thanked his Quaker god.

But *was* it, now? Were the sins equal? No. Not, at least, by certain measurements of the runaway House Judiciary Committee, which, having voted three articles of impeachment against the President, failed, however, to stampede the proposition that Nixon's secret bombing of Cambodia constituted an impeachable offense. We might argue all night whether the committee *should* have: a private war, an undeclared war, a war covered up and denied even as it was being waged would appear on the surface, at least, closely akin to a major no-no. But they didn't indict RMN for it, anymore than they indicted LBJ for his own international deceptions—Gulf of Tonkin, Dominican Republic, all those false promises of light at the end of the endless Vietnam tunnel, all the secret escalations, all the falsespeak and phony kill-ratios and "pacified" vast areas or other official flimflams.

Probably that made Richard Nixon feel pretty good. Maybe he said to himself in whatever hideaway office he then occupied—or, perhaps, during solitary nocturnal misplayings of the White House piano—*well, we won that one, Lyndon, we are brothers under the skin, heh-heh.* Were they? And, if so, how much commonality did they share?

LBJ's faults are legendary; warts grew on him in grand profusion. There was much of the hog-caller in the man,

In the raised consciousness of impeachment, a fellow Texan examines the record of Richard Nixon's predecessor

something of the playground bully, a dash of the gambler who dealt off the bottom. His only brother recalls LBJ skinning him in a bicycle trade when they were kids and habitually cheating at dominoes. LBJ tom-catted around a bit outside his marriage, especially in his younger years, and occasionally took on excessive liquors. One night in the mid-1950s, after a Texas State Society function at the National Press Club, I saw a zonked LBJ—then Senate Majority Leader—in a small bar with Texas Congressmen Homer Thornberry and Jack Brooks. "I'm a powerful sumbitch, boys," he told them over drinks. "Do you realize what a powerful sumbitch I am?" He said it not once but a half dozen times, face flushed, arms waving, obviously a man full of himself, and in love with his future.

I sense that LBJ's financial affairs constituted his softest underbelly. He came from a state where, traditionally, public figures take no poverty vows: an amazing number of Texans in high places grow rich beyond their visible opportunities or brains. For years a Texas Establishment ran things. Conservative bankers, oil men, businessmen of all stripes—these were the powers in each congressional unit, and they operated their own grand duchies. Party ties were weak; during most of LBJ's career Texas was a one-party state with no single figure all-powerful; party discipline was nonexistent. Consequently, each office-seeker made a separate peace with the powers in his domain. The successful candidate cuddled up to the money boys—they held the power—and, once in office, thought little of using their positions or their friends to enrich themselves. Yes, persuasive arithmetic and regional custom are on the side of LBJ's having found that power bred money unless one beat it off with a stick.

The Johnson fortune is said to have been seeded by a $21,000 cash inheritance bequeathed to Lady Bird. In 1942, when her husband had been in Congress five years, Mrs. Johnson became the purchaser-of-record of radio station KTBC in Austin for $17,500; her net worth, including land inherited in Alabama, was listed as $64,000. By 1948, the year he was elected to the U.S. Senate, LBJ privately boasted of having made his first million. In 1964 Barry Goldwater's campaign oratory variously pegged the Johnson

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Contributing Editor King, Visiting Ferris Professor of Journalism at Princeton, is at work on a biography of Lyndon Johnson.

January 20, 1969. A lot of people were glad to see Lyndon go, but the worst was to come.

wealth at from $12 to $20 million. Johnson's own listing of his worth in the same period was $3.4 million—not bad for a man who had drawn a government salary since 1931.

Soon after Mrs. Johnson acquired KTBC, the Federal Communications Commission granted the congressman's wife a wattage increase from 250 to 1,000 and permission to broadcast 24 hours rather than the sunup-to-sunset limitations of old. LBJ himself interviewed potential advertising salesmen, hired and fired them and required them to submit weekly records of their calls and sales. He traded advertising time to land developers for city lots, on which he established rental property. He bought bank stocks, additional radio-TV properties in Texas and Louisiana and ranches and cattle. As Johnson's power grew there were rumors that he and his associates—State Senator Alvin Wirtz, Judge A.W. Moursund, John Connally— entered many board rooms and came out mysteriously in control of going institutions. No one has ever been able or willing to say whether bones were cracked, or how.

Senator Johnson sat on the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. That committee happens to control the Federal Communications Commission, which, in turn, decides radio and TV matters. Handy. In July of 1952 the FCC announced 14 new VHF-TV channels granted from among hundreds of applicants. LBJ's company failed to receive one—until, a few days later, the FCC announced that through clerical error it had neglected to include the senator's wife's grant down in Austin, Texas. It could happen, right? Years passed; LBJ became Senate Majority Leader. Corpus Christi had two VHF-TV channels granted, Fort Worth-Dallas five, El Paso three, Houston several. Austin, the growing and bustling state capital, had but one—the same as such outposts as Waco, Midland, San Angelo, Odessa, Big Spring, Wichita Falls. This meant a monopoly for LBJ's station. Lucky.

In Texas, public figures took no poverty vows. Power bred money unless one beat it off with a stick

There was some other luck. At the outbreak of World War II, Congressman Lyndon Johnson sat on the Naval Affairs Committee. Like all advantaged solons, he sought military bases for his home territory. The construction firm of Brown and Root (owned by LBJ friends George R. and Herman Brown) got the fat award to construct Corpus Christi Naval Air Station; the firm went on to become a profitable conglomerate. For a time it provided LBJ free office space in Texas and hired his brother Sam. And during the Vietnam War, the company raked in contract after contract. Just good friends and neighbors, see?

In 1944 the Internal Revenue Service determined that Brown and Root owed more than $1.5 million in taxes and penalties; it also was alleged that the firm had awarded bonuses ranging from $2,000 to more than $50,000 to certain executives who, in turn, just happened to have donated the exact amounts of their bonuses to LBJ's campaign coffers during his losing run for the U.S. Senate in 1941. President Roosevelt personally reviewed the matter, cut the Brown and Root tax bill to $372,000, and nothing more was heard of prosecuting the firm for illegal corporate campaign contributions. LBJ claimed he had not talked to his good friend and mentor FDR about the case; no records or tapes contradict him—merely common sense. Years later, as LBJ continued to

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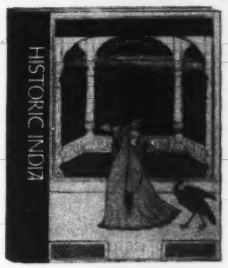

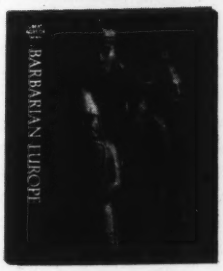

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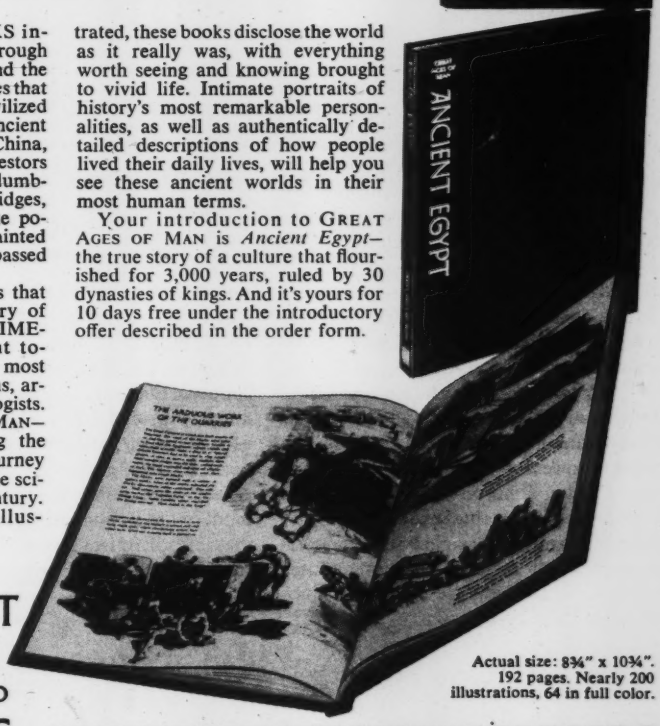

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enjoy a cozy association with the firm, Johnson staffers in their lighter moments slightly perverted an old jazz tune in singing of "Sweet George R. Brown. . . ."

The Johnsons were no spendthrifts. Mrs. Johnson, flying commercially, settled for tourist accommodations even when Second Lady of the Land. Her communications properties did not pay union wages. When an insurance man named Don Reynolds became fortunate enough to land LBJ's business, he was persuaded to buy $1,200 worth of advertising on Lady Bird's Texas stations—even though he operated out of distant Maryland. Reynolds also claims to have rebated a $500 color TV set to the Johnsons as a perquisite for writing their insurance. Little came of that story; on the day that Reynolds told it to a Senate committee looking into the Bobby Baker scandal, John F. Kennedy visited Dallas.

Even when LBJ was the busiest Senate Majority Leader in history—and sometimes it seemed he, not Ike, was President—he often asked his colleagues to tip him off should they hear of good investment opportunities: newspapers, radio stations, bank stocks. So the Johnsons had an urge to accumulate equal to that of the Snopeses. And, lately, we have learned that LBJ's private aircraft was occasionally rented—for wonderful profits—to those enterprising gentlemen of the dairy interests who take such good care of their special friends.

Yes, LBJ grew rich in office; we do not know all the manipulations or how many stains he attained. There are some things, however, we do know. We know that Lyndon Johnson did not donate his papers for tax advantage after the law no longer permitted it, and that his lawyers did not tardily dummy the records of any such transactions. We have no reason to believe that he claimed in Washington to be a resident of his home state, and vice-versa, so as to avoid taxes in both places. We know that he never found it desperately prudent to pony up nearly half a million in delinquent taxes once Congress and the IRS took a close look.

Advantage, Mr. Johnson.

An anguished and persistent contention of Nixon partisans is that LBJ electronically bugged people, willy-nilly; also, that he made frequent political use of the FBI.

For certain, someone bugged the hotel rooms of the late Dr. Martin Luther King in the 1960s; Washington long buzzed with juicy gossip of Dr. King's sex life and other intimacies. Kennedy men disavow responsibility, as do Johnson men; the FBI maintains an innocent pose. Yet, there have been convincing indications that, somehow, the bugging was performed: LBJ, among others, joked knowingly of Dr. King's sexual preferences.

How many tapes exist that our leaders have not found it profitable to admit, we knoweth not. It *is* known that LBJ strongly hinted of taping Bobby Kennedy on the occasion when Kennedy was called to the White House to be told he would not be LBJ's 1964 running mate; RKF, himself, thought the conversation was taped and that much of what Lyndon Johnson said was to build a record. We know, too, that LBJ once read raw FBI files to select newsmen in attempting to discredit the insurance man, Don Reynolds, when Johnson feared embarrassment in the Bobby Baker case.

Ex-LBJ staffers heatedly contend that their man employed no sophisticated electronic system, as Mr. Nixon has implied. Tapings were selective, they say, and for historical purposes: there were no voice-activated mechanisms such as have embarrassed the Nixon people; when LBJ wanted to record an occasional conversation, generally by telephone, he signaled a secretary who put the machinery in motion. Some cabinet meetings were taped.

In the LBJ Library in Austin are eight sealed cardboard cartons of standard Federal Records Center size (though of varying weights, indicating some may be less than full) not to be opened for 50 years and thought to contain—with one exception—all LBJ tapes and/or Dictabelts. The exception, according to columnist Marianne Means, is a tape in the possession of Walt Rostow, LBJ's top foreign policy adviser and now a professor at the University of Texas; Ms. Means describes it as "one extremely sensitive and explosive national security tape."

A high percentage of Capitol Hill solons have long assumed their office phones to be bugged; some few have hired experts to "sweep" their offices against the possibility of electronic devices. Even in such paranoid surroundings, however, there is no evidence indicating that any of Nixon's predecessors—including LBJ—bugged newsmen, their campaign opponents, their own appointees or themselves.

One of the more intriguing mysteries of Watergate is why Richard Nixon felt it necessary to bug himself. As one reads the White House transcripts, the thought increasingly intrudes that Mr. Nixon simply has the mentality of a cynical gumshoe whose experiences on the seedy side—gathering messy divorce evidence, polygraphing potential embezzlers, tracing runaway debtors—have damn well convinced him that people are no fucking good and require close watching.

Lyndon Johnson sometimes cursed and reviled his foes, yes. His loyalists like to say that LBJ's "characterizations omitted" made salient points, that he did not use profanity without purpose. Indeed, one could understand the moral when LBJ said of the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover, whom some were insisting be retired, "I'd rather have him inside the tent pissing out than outside the tent pissing in." But ole Lyndon did his share of indiscriminate "goddamning" and worse. In arm-waving, manic moments Bobby Kennedy became "that little shit"; the press asked "chickenshit questions" and ought to have its collective ass "reamed out with a rough cob"; critics of the Vietnam adventure were "nervous Nellies" who somehow aided the enemy; Ronnie Dugger, founding editor of the *Texas Observer* and a

LBJ protégé Bobby Baker got one to three for fraud, theft and income tax evasion.

LBJ with Associate Justice-to-be Abe Fortas. Some of his appointments went sour, too.

frequent LBJ critic, was judged to have "a dwarf somewhere in his family line." A resigned staffer's contributions were witheringly dismissed: "Oh, he did a little work for Lady Bird." Even the ultra-competent Bill Moyers, once almost a surrogate son to the President, became "that kid" after he quit the White House; an embittered LBJ often said that the more "that kid" talked to the press the wider his own credibility gap became. Senator William Fulbright became "Halfbright" in the LBJ lexicon, and as for Senator Eugene McCarthy, "Gene only talks to God, and then in Latin." Once, after he'd been crossed by a minor politico at a Democratic State Convention in Texas, LBJ muttered that his adversary was "a double-dip motherfucker"; he cut the offender's power base from under him, too.

Richard Nixon is said to be so soft—the public shoving of Ron Ziegler aside—that he could not personally fire a staffer and could not bring himself to order the disgraced Spiro Agnew to resign. Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, often cursed or otherwise abused his staffers; several quit because of maltreatment. But LBJ's excesses—however bullying or unbecoming—seem the honest eruptions of a volatile man, the temper tantrums of a vain king given to hyperbole, periodic bile-cleansing snits. Invariably, LBJ apologized: not in words, no; he was a man who found it impossible to say "I'm sorry" or to belch admissions of wrong. Perhaps he bought the offended gifts, awarded an unexpected vacation, found reasons to publicly praise their work. The point is, one did not indefinitely remain on the Johnson shit list; did not become a lifelong enemy to be hounded; was not forever refused access to the throne. Nor

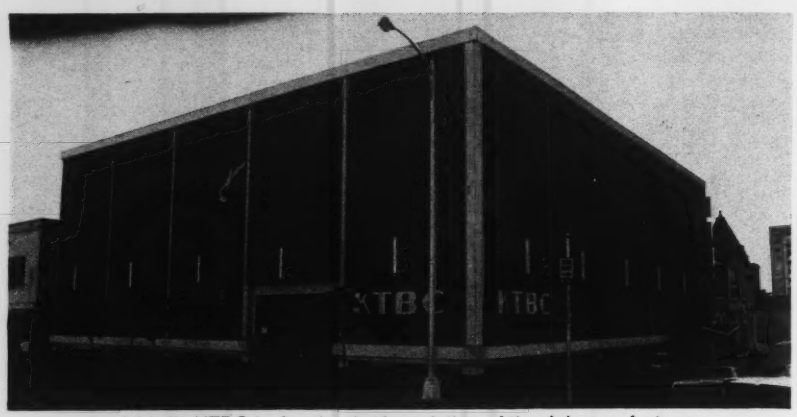
On the day Don Reynolds nailed LBJ before a Senate committee, John F. Kennedy visited Dallas

was anyone left to "twist slowly, slowly in the wind" or made to be a fall guy.

"We had disagreements, sure," says Stuart Udall, LBJ's Secretary of the Interior. "A time or two LBJ got angry as hell at me. But not once do I know of any Cabinet member being denied a hearing, and nobody was threatened. Wally Hickel, who took my Cabinet seat under Nixon, was frozen out after criticizing presidential inaccessibility—and then was forced to resign. Just nothing like that happened in the Johnson administration. Lyndon didn't extract that much vengeance. He was a professional who valued teamwork. He put the job first. And he damn sure knew everything that went on around him."

LBJ friends sometimes groused that he treated his enemies more decently than they deserved: gave them multiple chances, showered attention on them at the expense of his neglected loyalists. Johnson dearly loved quoting the prophet Isaiah—"Come, let us reason together"—and believed the carrot to be more effective than the stick; his famed "laying on of hands"—touch, wink, smile, pat, tug—was a frequently employed technique of friendly persuasion. Lyndon Johnson wanted everyone, including his foes, to like him, to respect him, perhaps even to love him. Megalomaniacal, yes, but better than brooding in a corner while plotting hard revenge.

Sometimes LBJ gave up on his more persistent critics, mournfully muttering and cursing of how they continued to mistreat him even after he'd offered the hand of friendship; these he thereafter ignored, or dismissed with pithy expletives, or grinned when their pet legislative schemes failed: he was not above shifting



Ladybird's KTBC in Austin, the foundation of the Johnson fortune.

credit to a friend or a neutral even should it rob a stubborn enemy of credit due. But that is quite a different thing from siccing the tax men on them, or bugging their telephones, or otherwise clubbing their civil liberties. He knew the difference, I think, between legitimate political pokes and back-alley blows.

Nor can I imagine LBJ naming to high office people whom he obviously considered of inferior clay or incapable of discharging their duties: one of the surest ways to earn LBJ's contempt was to display incompetence, stupidity, carelessness, a lack of a sense of obligation.

After the advertised brilliance of the Camelot years, it was fashionable to sneer that LBJ's appointees were somehow second-rate; that his minions couldn't hold a candle to the Kennedy men. But a comparison of Johnson's people with the Nixon people makes the Texas crowd look like candidates for sainthood. Where LBJ numbered Bill Moyers, Harry McPherson, George Reedy, Dick Goodwin, Joe Califano, Eric Goldman and Douglass Cater among his best and brightest, Mr. Nixon offered Haldeman and Ehrlichman, Pat Buchanan, Ron Ziegler, Pat Gray ("a big clown" and "a little bit stupid" according to Nixon himself). LBJ's Marvin Watson may have been a humorless reactionary, and Jack Valenti a bit too adoring and precious for some, but never did Johnson offer us a knife-fighter such as Colson, a shallow climber of the likes of John Dean or a gang of common footpads.

The "good" men—the "class" men—of the Nixon team have had a way of evaporating: Elliott Richardson resigned in protest of the Archibald Cox firing, Daniel Moynihan is hiding out as ambassador to India, Wally Hickel is back in Alaska; whatever happened to Bob Finch? Even Henry Kissinger, that Mister Wonderful among moral pygmies and intellectual dwarfs, is suspected of having been a bit cavalier in his attitude toward wiretaps.

Some Johnson apples turned sour, sure. Abe Fortas left the Supreme Court when it appeared he may have too carelessly coveted money and power; Walter Jenkins had his human problems; Bobby Baker went to jail. No grand conspiracies existed, however; no paddy wagons backed up to the White House to accommodate the fallen. If Vice President Hubert Humphrey became little more than a foolish old hack of a nonstop babbler, still he was not the boodler that was Agnew. And how much boot would you demand, now, should someone again ask you to trade a Ramsey Clark for a John Mitchell as the nation's leading law enforcement officer?

To LBJ, the press asked "chickenshit questions" and ought to have its collective ass "reamed out with a rough cob"

Lyndon sometimes told us lies. It is probable that his biggest one—in terms of the national consequences—was his misrepresentation to the Congress about what happened at the Gulf of Tonkin; it should be of small consolation to Johnson partisans that almost everyone—generals, diplomats, Mr. Nixon—authored their own self-serving lies in attempting to justify an unpopular war. The damage from that one deception was immense and mind-boggling; it may have constituted Johnson's own "growing cancer" on the presidency, and certainly it brought him down.

Many of Johnson's untruths were so petty as to be downright puzzling. What did he gain by insisting, once his protégé Bobby Baker had been indicted, that Baker was no special pal of his and was, rather, just another Senate employee? All of official Washington knew differently. "He is my strong right arm," LBJ once bragged before Baker found trouble, "the last man I see at night, the first one I see in the morning." Where was the profit in denying he had driven Texas backroads at 90 miles per hour, when half the newsmen of the Free World saw him do it? Or in insisting that he favored "bourbon and branch water" when, in truth, he preferred good Scotch? Why did he invent an ancestor he credited with heroically dying at the Alamo when any sixth-grade history textbook offered evidence to the contrary? One wondered at his failure to understand that such small, pointless mendacities cost him points and made him suspect when larger questions demanded answers. "He could convince himself of anything he wanted to believe," one of his White House intimates would later say: a dangerous and damning trait in one responsible for the public good and the Republic's preservation. That LBJ was capable of deluding himself, so that fantasy could transform itself into reality, inspires no plea here for mitigation.

Mr. Nixon, too, has difficulty in grasping reality. Watergate would go away, if only everyone would work to button it up: "Frankly, all the people aren't going to care that much." It was as if Mr. Nixon thought we had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, outside his official will or official pronouncements. There was a *contempt* for us, goddammit; a notion that you *can* fool all of the suckers all of the time. LBJ did not so fatally delude himself. In preparing to abdicate, he told intimates that he could not pull the country together again; that for whatever reasons—regional, his lack of "style," too many accumulations of national rage—he simply would be a hindrance to healings. Reality. He faced it when it counted.

He was not, of course, attempting to save his ass from impeachment or possibly from jail. Thus we have no way of knowing whether, backed into that ultimate corner, he might have advised staffers going before investigative bodies that "perjury is an awful hard rap to prove"; or have advised a John Dean—commissioned to allegedly get to the bottom of Watergate—that he might "answer questions on the basis of what they told you, not what *you* know"; or have told a John Mitchell facing indictment that he should "stonewall" a grand jury rather than expose the White House; or have

ordered an unsure Haldeman to tell the FBI: "Don't go any further into this case. Period." No, we have no way of knowing whether LBJ might have done all that. But we certainly know who did.

Few of our presidents have finished as clean as the ideal might wish it; almost all could benefit from at least select scrubbing and refurbishing so as to improve history's odor.

George Washington was excessively vain, and careless with his expense accounts; he and the sainted Thomas Jefferson owned slaves; U.S. Grant, too, dearly loved good whiskey; Warren Harding was an all-purpose rascal; Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt as well as Lyndon B. Johnson pledged in their campaigns to keep us out of war and then, forthwith, plunged us in.

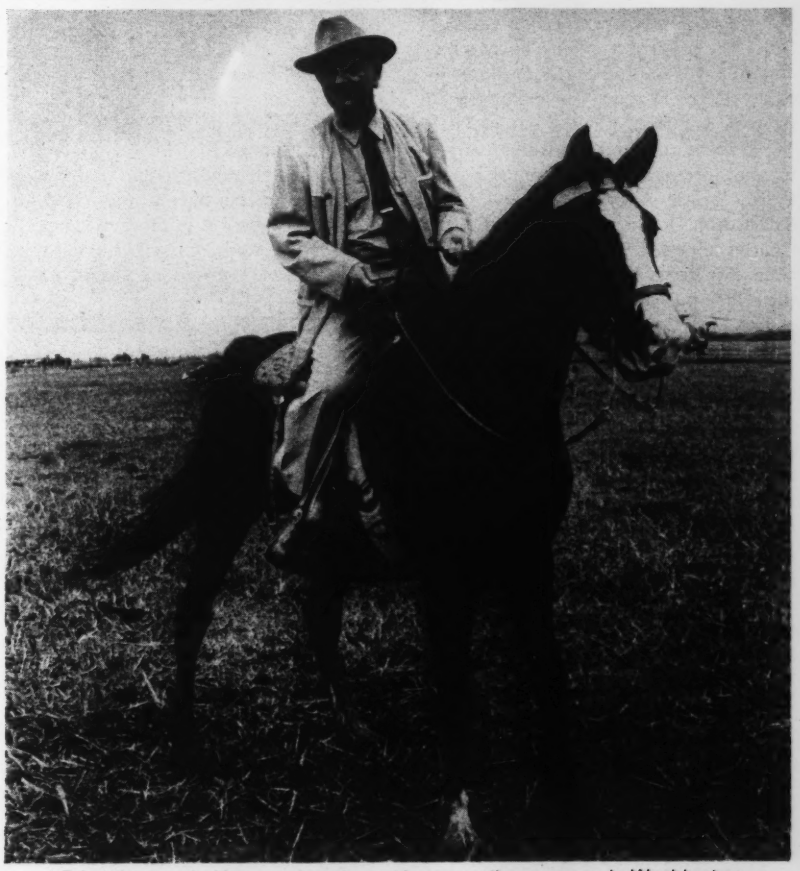
Perhaps FDR was the first of the "imperial" presidents: those who built empires, improved their trappings as if they might be monarchs, encouraged a personality cult. With the possible exception of Mr. Truman, each succeeding president has further advanced the feeling that robes, crowns or scepters might be appropriate to their rule. If Mr. Nixon revealed a preference for *Student Prince* costuming among the palace guard, LBJ once growled at a young Marine attempting to guide him to his helicopter, "Son, they're *all* my helicopters." LBJ loved pomp and circumstance and was comfortable cuddling with power.

For all of that, however, Lyndon Johnson came to office with definite proletariat programs in mind; programs and ideas and even dreams: that somehow the disadvantaged might improve their lot, that the jam could be put on the lower shelf so the little fellow might reach it, that a Great Society was, indeed, possible. Sometimes his rhetoric oversold the possibilities: poverty could not be chased away like a hobo, white people could not be realistically expected to open wide the doors of brotherhood once civil rights legislation was enacted, not every American would begin speaking Latin once adequate monies went into education. But it said something of the man that he wished good for people, that he believed his office might be used to benefit the masses as well as the big boys. I do not think he rated "people" somewhere between roach powder and broccoli; when he tinkered with society's machinery, it was more in hope of making it perform better than to jam its gears or grease its skids.

Johnson was not certain—he once said—just how historians would evaluate his achievements: "But I do believe, in fact, I know, that they will all say we tried." Despite his warts and his war, I agree with that judgment; for all his failures of communication, or his inability to rally Americans in chaotic times, I think historians 30 years from now will better understand how sweeping were his attempted reforms, how voluminous and varied were his legislative accomplishments, how hard he tried. Mr. Nixon, outside of seeking "a generation of peace"—no ignoble goal, that—seems to have shown a willful disinterest in social gains; his programs seemed designed to turn back the clock, to stop this or that—busing, minority gains, student rebellions, marijuana at the border—and to dismantle what he could of the Great Society. His instincts were to help the rich, to preserve the status quo of old, to drive or whip or drag America back into a calmer time when people bowed without question to Authority and gave back no guff. And he did not hesitate, as witness his shrill oratory in the midterm congressional elections of 1970, to appeal to the darker side of the American spirit.

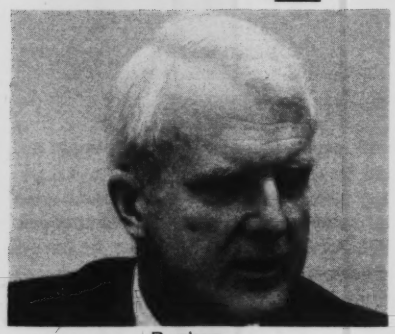
Lyndon Johnson had, at least, a raw and mighty enthusiasm for the Republic and for its people; he admired "can do" men and liked to say that "any jackass can kick down a barn, but it takes a carpenter to build one." Groan at that homily if you must, but don't forget it says much of the man's pragmatic philosophy. In that sense LBJ was an old-fashioned patriot, a man who understood his job and its potential for evil as well as good. Had he not been a product of the Alamo syndrome, I think—of Texas Ranger and Frontier *machismo*—he might have discovered the potential for evil in warring in Vietnam. By my lights he was blind in that instance, where—domestically—he had enough sense of history, and justice, to put a governor on his own darker instincts. He jabbed and slashed a few political foes, yes, but I think there was a point beyond which he would not go: an invisible line somewhere near the markers of decency and responsibility, and this he would not cross.

And if LBJ felt a resentment—one he sometimes privately voiced—because his Administration might be overshadowed or out-glamoured in history's pages by the legend of the martyred Kennedy, there is a touch of compensatory justice in his having been followed by a President who made him look mighty like a rose, now, from the other end of the bracket. ●



LBJ at the ranch. He was almost as at home on the range as in Washington.

All the vice president's men



Buchen

Seidman

Hartmann

By Terence Sheridan

Even as Nixon sulked in the Oval Office, the goodbye room in a house where no crime was too big or too small, a new palace guard, wearing Hush Puppies instead of jack boots, was ready to move in.

Now watch for the triumphant returns of former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, former Attorney General Elliott Richardson, former New York Senator Charles Goodell, former White House counselor Bryce Harlow and others seeking refuge in a safe place—a White House run by Jerry Ford.

Before the purification rites, Mel Laird of *Reader's Digest* will put out the word that Ford is looking for able men to fill cabinet and other high-level jobs. And the persuasive Laird, a former congressman and presidential adviser, has compelling pitches. The best one is that Jerry Ford looks like a sure-pop Republican President for six years, the savior of the party.

Should U.S. Senator Robert Griffin of Michigan, Republican whip, decide to sign on, it will be like old times on the Hill. Laird, Goodell and Griffin led the Young Turk rebellion that deposed Indiana's Charlie Halleck and made Ford minority leader in 1965.

Laird's former assistant in Congress, Robert Hartmann, is now Ford's chief of staff. In those days, sullen Democrats say, shrewd Mel used steady Jerry like a forward observer on a GOP mortar team and Hartmann wrote the script.

Ford's staff is loaded with writing talent. Speechwriter Milton Friedman, former White House bureau chief for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, will handle the cerebral stuff while Bob Orbin, a humorist who interned with Red Skelton, provides comic relief.

Ford's inside advisers are Hartmann and lawyer Phil Buchen of Grand Rapids, a high school polio victim who uses a cane and has been Ford's friend for 40 years. Buchen was Ford's first law partner in Grand Rapids, Ford's home town. The low-keyed corporation lawyer was a freshman when Ford was a senior at the University of Michigan. They were members of the same fraternity. Buchen strongly advised against blind-faithing it with Nixon. The President, Buchen felt, was pole-axing the country to escape impeachment.

Changing of the palace guard: from jack boots to Hush Puppies

Last March, Buchen was appointed executive director of the Domestic Counsel Committee on the Rights of Privacy, an 11-member committee headed by Ford and formed by Nixon to protect citizens against (would you believe?) intrusive abuses by federal and private agencies.

A confidential House Judiciary Committee report on Buchen prior to confirmation hearings on Ford reads: "One gets the impression that Buchen is an extremely capable man who would be an asset to any organization with which he became affiliated."

Chief of staff Hartmann, a native of Rapid City, S.D., headed the Washington bureau of the Los Angeles *Times* from 1954 to 1963. He was a prize-winning reporter—a Vigilant Patriot Award—and considering his close association with Laird, it is not surprising that he has a Pentagon point of view. He joined Ford after Laird, at the request of Nixon, became Secretary of Defense. Hartmann is considered a canny, though sometimes abrasive, strategist. When an aide in the Grand Rapids office called Ford on an administrative matter, Hartmann called the aide. "Don't you ever talk to him without talking to me first," Hartmann snapped. "Do it again and you are off the payroll."

So Ford brought in another Grand Rapids friend, L. William Seidman, lawyer and accountant, to achieve tactfully in administration where hard-nosed Hartmann failed splenetically. Seidman was a special assistant to Michigan Gov. George Romney and headed Romney's Washington office during the "brainwashed" governor's hopeless campaign for president. Like Hartmann and Ford, Seidman is a wartime Navy veteran (11 battle stars and a bronze star).

"Hey," says a happy staffer, "we got a helluva group." ●

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The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The neatness of that logic, we now realize, blinded us to its flaws.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is, but how good. So before you pack all your stubby little glasses in mothballs, you might want to try a Sunstroke.

To make [illegible] pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz. grapefruit juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless®

The bottom of the bunker

By Craig Unger

Last Monday the rabbi didn't show up. It wasn't because he slept late, as the title to a recent series of novels would suggest. Instead, Rabbi Baruch Korff was in the White House consoling the family of Richard Nixon. Unable to show up for a scheduled television appearance in Boston, where I had hoped to meet him, Korff, the founder of the National Committee for Fairness to the Presidency, spent the afternoon with the President's family, along with Billy Graham and Father McLaughlin, a member of Nixon's Holy Trinity, as Nixon made public his most damaging revelations to date. Surely one of the last liberals to convert and climb aboard Nixon's sinking presidential ship of state, Korff's evaluation of the three new White House transcripts and the accompanying statement was different from most. "This is no participation in the cover-up," he intoned in his deepest rabbinical voice, still heavy with a Ukrainian accent, when I reached him by phone later on. "Instead, I come to the conclusion that the President is a giant." The usually loquacious, small-town rabbi from Massachusetts pauses, explains: "Suddenly the President encounters a tape of more than a year ago which alters to a degree his previous contention. A human error, but a serious one. And what does he do but make it public? How many men, how many men in a climate such as this, would make it public?"

Predictable though the rhetoric may be, the 60-year-old Rabbi Korff is probably the most enigmatic of the few remaining defenders of the President. It is surprising that anyone, much less a self-proclaimed liberal who has supported progressive antiwar candidates in the past, would climb aboard Nixon's Watergate-flooded bandwagon as recently as a year ago. But Korff likes the paradox. In many interviews he taunts reporters, daring them to find out what's behind his allegiance to the President. "What's my angle?" he asks playfully. "It would be easier for you if I had one. But I don't."

Such exchanges with the media are Korff's stock in trade and he has used them with abandon to build his Committee for Fairness into an organization which he claims has more than 3 million members in over 200 chapters across the country. It has been reported that on one of his desks is a folder marked "Ego Boosting Material." A man who has inspired both hatred and love with equal intensity in members of his Taunton, Massachusetts, congregation, Korff often boasts of his tremendous egoism. "My ego is enormous," he tells reporters. "It constantly needs feeding."

When the last White House apologists jumped ship, the President's rabbi was still there to console the First Family

Korff claims that his early childhood helped mold him to play his current role in consoling the President. When he was still in Russia at the age of 5, his mother died—he claims shot down by Bolsheviks, absorbing the bullets herself while shielding the bodies of her four children. (At least one member of his congregation insists the story is fabricated and that she is actually buried near Boston.) "That shaped my life," Korff says. "My mother shielding us four children actually contributed to what I'm doing now. In my opinion, any upheaval in any country is not good for Jews."

WIDE WORLD

Rabbi Korff: "The President is a giant."

Logic like that may not do much for the religion business, but Korff, recent presidential admissions notwithstanding, refuses to budge. Since starting the committee, he claims he has endured several death threats. And despite unsubstantiated charges by members of his congregation that he has skimmed money off the top of his committee's treasury, he contends that he has invested $14,000 of his own money into the committee for which he has not been reimbursed. All this for nothing more than a certain measure of fame and an occasional audience with the President?

Perhaps. Several members of his congregation claim he will do anything to be looked upon with favor by those in power. To one member of his congregation, who quit and who now claims "to hate Korff's guts," his past endorsements of liberal politicians have been purely for publicity-seeking purposes. If there is more to it than that, the rabbi isn't saying. Usually glib and articulate, he is somber now and barely coherent. He tries to explain why he still backs Nixon. "If you can develop an Esperanto language to communicate with my soul, perhaps I can tell you why I still back the President," he said. "I can't answer it in words. It is the result of meditation and prayer. No more than I can enter into your soul and have you tell me certain things that I contend should be private." He begins to speak more rapidly, an edge of anger rising in his voice. Speaking of the revelations of taped Nixon conversations, he says, "No man should be followed like this into his lavatory or bathroom or innermost thoughts. This is like throught control." Nixon's martyrdom is one only this rabbi can appreciate. ●

Craig Unger is a staff reporter for The Real Paper *in Boston.*

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

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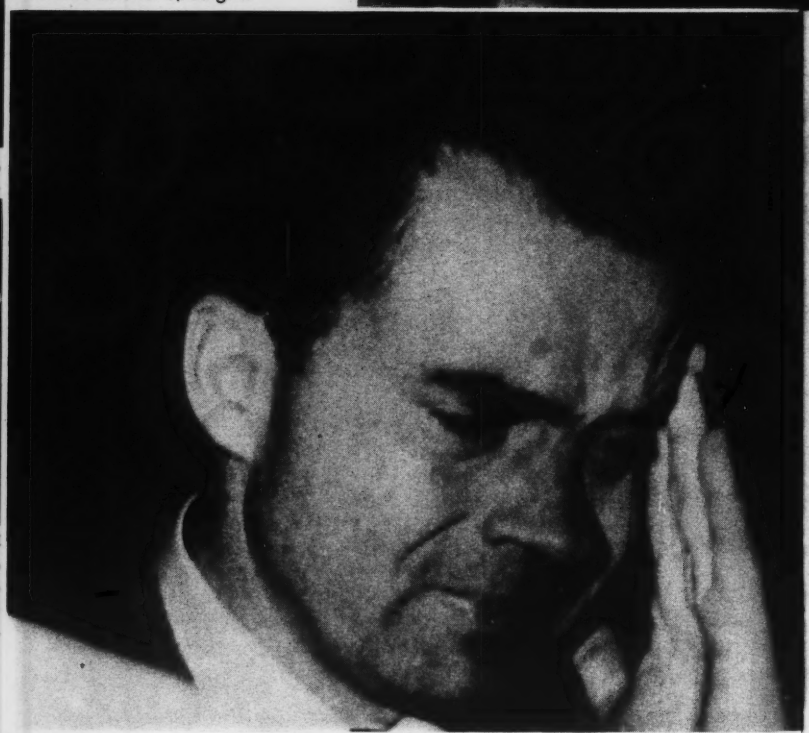
Young Nixon shows promise as a violinist, but later chooses politics instead.

1952: Accused of having a secret slush fund, Nixon takes to television, as he would many times thereafter, appealing to the public with his famous Checkers speech.

1958 (at right): After challenging anti-American students in Peru to "hear the truth," Vice President Nixon is bombarded with tomatoes and stones.

By sending Alger Hiss to jail, the freshman congressman from California catapults himself into the national spotlight.



1952: Nixon breaks down in tears after he gets word that Eisenhower will keep him on the ticket.

1959:
in whi
on the

The rise...

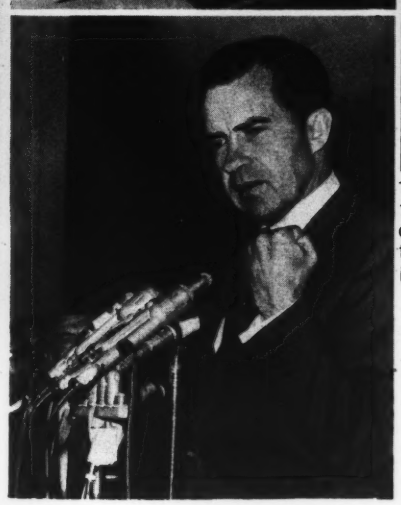
Moments of crisis that became the steppingstones of Richard Nixon's career

1959: The great Kitchen Debate, in which Nixon enlightens Khrushchev on the superiority of capitalism.

1968 and 1972: Nixon chooses Spiro Agnew as his running mate for both elections. His winning slogan in the first— "Nixon's the One"; in the second—"Now more than ever."

1972: After winning the Republican nomination for president for a consecutive term, Nixon gets a hug from Sammy Davis Jr.

1962 (left): "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore," the embittered future president tells the press after losing to Pat Brown in the California governor's race.



1972: In perhaps the high point of his career, Nixon opens the door to China.

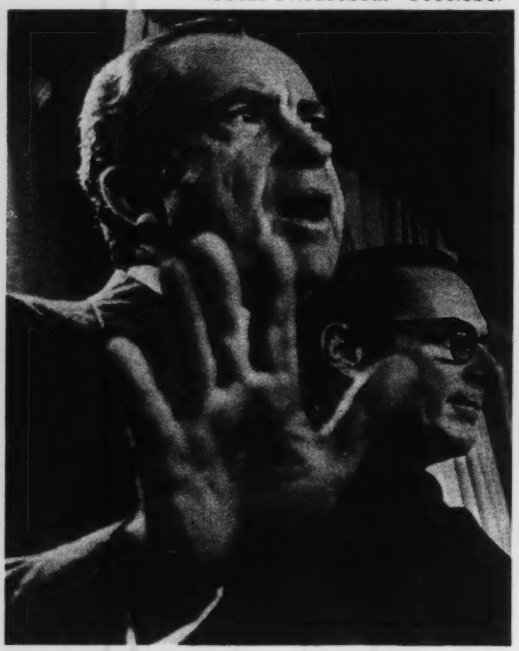
...and fall

Watergate, the one crisis Nixon did not face up to, became his seventh and last

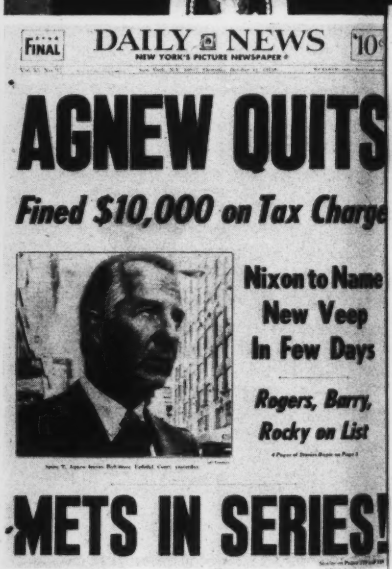
James McCord, CREEP security agent, breaks open the Watergate case and the dominoes start to fall.

Nixon, Bebe Rebozo and King Timahoe take it easy in Key Biscayne after investigators charge that Rebozo had acted improperly in accepting a secret $100,000 Nixon campaign contribution from Howard Hughes.

Buddies Abplanalp, Rebozo and Nixon take a short trip on Rebozo's houseboat "Cocolobo."

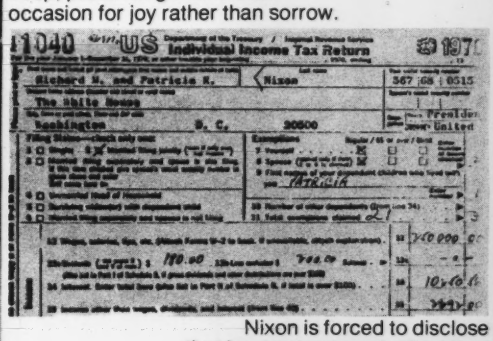


Nixon, with former energy czar William Simon, assures the nation that the energy crisis is nothing to worry about.



Vice President Agnew takes a dive.

(left) Nixon chooses Ford as his new Veep, pretending that it is an occasion for joy rather than sorrow.


1040 U.S. Individual Income Tax Return

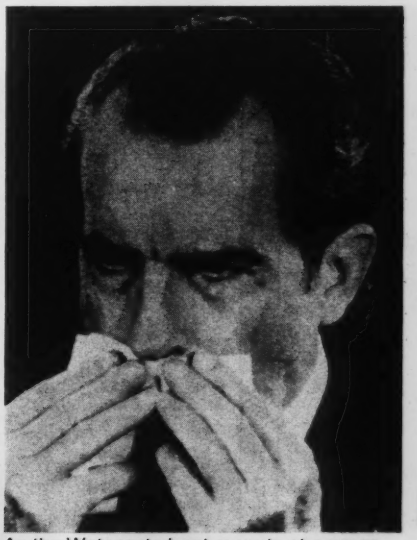
Richard M. and Patricia K. Nixon

The White House

Washington D. C. 20500

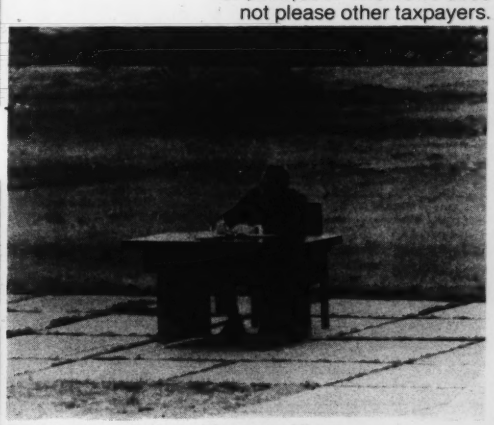
PATRICIA

Nixon is forced to disclose that he received a refund of over $72,000 in 1970 on an income of $250,000. The news does not please other taxpayers.



As the Watergate heat mounts at a press conference, Nixon starts to sweat.

King Timahoe slurps part of the President's birthday cake, which is splattered on Nixon's suit.



On his second trip to Moscow, Nixon wins few friends and fewer headlines.

A popular post-Watergate poster. You can now take your laundry marker and cross off Richard Milhous Nixon.

Nixon points to his edited transcripts and says they "tell it all."

The Weather
Today—Cloudy, high in the 80s, low in the 60s. Chance of precipitation is 20 per cent, 50 per cent tonight. Details on B 4

The Washington Post

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5 Sections

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Post Building Firebombed

PRESIDENT NIXON . . . Cambodianization working

Nixon Sees Cambodianization As Key to Ending Conflict

By Lou Canon

KEY BISCAYNE, Aug. 19—President Nixon, in a televised address to the nation tonight, Mr. Nixon, who employed a map to illustrate the address, said that his program of Cambodianization has made significi- The President rejected the possibility of any quick settlement at the negotiating table. Both he and Secretary of State

WHAT WOULD THE FRONT PAGE OF YOUR NEWSPAPER LOOK LIKE TODAY IF THE WATERGATE BREAK-IN HADN'T BEEN DISCOVERED? "THAT'S EASY," YOU SAY. "IT WOULD BE HALF BLANK." THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT LOOK SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

Price of Milk to Rise Again

By Selig X. Harrelson

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19—Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz disclosed today that the price of milk is going up again. As of September 1, a quart of milk will sell for 95 cents, an increase of 22 cents over the current cost.

When pressed for a reason for the increase—the second such jump in as many years—Mr. Butz pointed to a severe cow shortage. Later, after apparently having been informed that no such shortage existed, Mr. Butz referred the question to the heads of the milk industry.

(A spokesman for the Na-

THIRD ATTACK ON NEWSPAPER IN MONTH

By Paul Slansky

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19—The editorial offices of the Washington *Post* were firebombed tonight by a group of unidentified terrorists. The blaze delayed the printing of the first edition by three and a half hours and caused damage estimated at $100,000.

Two men, apparently associated with the terrorists, were seen searching through reporters' desks while the city room was in chaos, but they escaped in the confusion. Witnesses said that one of the men had a thick mustache and an American flag decal sewn on his jacket. No description of the other man was available.

The attack comes on the heels of two similar incidents, one on July 27 at the Los Angeles *Times* and the other on August 15 at the New York *Times*. In both cases, reporters' desks were ransacked.

Post publisher Katherine Graham, who was in New York at the time of the attack, demanded quick action on the part of federal authorities and District police in apprehending the terrorists. She also indicated that she plans to offer a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the attackers.

Through his press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, President

In response to suggestions by reporters that Administration hostility to the press might have instigated the attacks on the newspapers, Mr. Ziegler snapped, "I will not dignify that innuendo with an answer." However, responding to a later question, Mr. Ziegler suggested that the crimes might be the work of left-wing militants "out

KATHERINE GRAHAM
. . . wants action

to subvert our democracy as we know it and replace it with a neo-fascist dictatorship."

Reporters repeatedly questioned the President's pledge of a full investigation. The Justice Department and the FBI have so far failed to come up with any leads in last summer's famous New York *Post* case, in

address to the nation tonight, said that "the United States has turned the corner in the Cambodian conflict."

The President said that as a result of his policy of saturation bombing—which has been in effect since Christmas of 1973—"the time is fast approaching when our role in this unfortunate situation will be ended."

bodianization has made significant progress since the bombing began. "As a result of this very substantial progress," the President reported, "we will very soon be able to bring all of our boys home and leave the defense of Cambodia in the hands of the Cambodians, where I have always believed it belongs."

Both he and Secretary of State Kissinger were, he said, optimistic that the Communists were losing the will to fight. "Let's face it," Dr. Kissinger said in a news briefing yesterday, "dead men make extremely poor soldiers."

Meanwhile, in the besieged

See CAMBODIA, A 20, Col. 4

Government Downplays N.Y. Sludge Threat

NEW YORK, Aug. 19—An administrator of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration asserted today that the sludge reported to be creeping toward the beaches of Long Island was no threat to swimmers, "as long as they don't actually go in the water."

The sludge, comprised mostly of raw sewage dumped a few miles offshore of the nation's most heavily used beaches, has recently begun shifting underwater and is drifting back toward land.

Several swimmers have complained of a foul odor in the water and, on several occasions, early beachcombers have seen the sun rise on sand heavily littered with solid wastes.

David H. Wallace, the Administrator of Marine Resources, has withdrawn his earlier statement that the dirty beaches were the result of some "sinister force." However, he still maintains that the danger is minimal.

"The peril to the swimmer here is no greater than that posed by a medium-sized oil

See SLUDGE, B 12, Col. 2

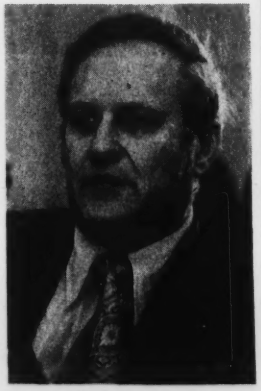
Jack Anderson Is Dead at 51

Jack Anderson, the political reporter who achieved national prominence as Drew Pearson's partner and successor, was found dead today in his Washington home.

According to White House physician Dr. Walter Tkach, who performed the autopsy, Mr. Anderson died of "natural causes, subsequent to the introduction of a foreign object into his nervous system." Dr. Tkach declined to elaborate.

In recent months, Mr. Anderson's reputation had suffered as a result of a series of columns alleging widespread wrongdoing at the highest levels of government. His charges, which included burglary, tax abuse, misuse of government agencies and obstruction of justice on the part of Administration officials, were never substantiated by hard evidence.

As his work was being viewed with increasing skepticism by his colleagues in the media, Mr.



JACK ANDERSON

Anderson often said, "I wish I had a tape recorder in the Oval Office."

(For further details and a summary of his career, see the obituary on page 42. Mr. Anderson's last column, "The Diamond Earrings," appears on the editorial page.)

Nixons Fly to Northeastern White House

KEY BISCAYNE, Aug. 19—President and Mrs. Nixon left Florida tonight following the President's televised speech on the Cambodian conflict. They flew to the Presidential retreat in Augusta, Maine.

According to Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler, the Nixons are expected to remain there for two weeks, after which they will fly to the Hawaiian White House on Oahu for a three-week vacation.

On another matter, Mr. Ziegler dismissed as "rubbish" recent reports in a Washington column that the Administration was involved in several illegal activities over the past few years. "I won't even dignify that with a comment," he commented.

milk industry.

(A spokesman for the National Dairy Farmers Association said late today that the increase was the result of "several substantial unforeseen expenditures." He refused to elaborate further.)

This price increase—30 percent—is the largest in recent memory. Recent similar rises include last summer's 26 percent jump in the price of bread and last month's 19 percent increase in telephone rates.

When asked how the poor could be expected to afford milk at its now prohibitive prices, Mr. Butz responded, "Let them drink water. There's

See MILK, A 26, Col. 3

Through his press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, President Nixon tonight issued a statement condemning the attack. "I deplore the current spate of crimes directed against the various newspapers. My opinions on the necessity of a strong, free press are well-known. I have directed the Justice Department to conduct an investigation of this tragic incident."

any leads in last summer's famous New York *Post* case, in which the ultra-liberal newspaper was forced to cease publication when a small atomic device was detonated on the premises.

Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen was quoted last week as saying, "That one's still a real mystery to me."

See ATTACK, A 16, Col. 1

Tornadoes Ravage Midwest

37 DEAD IN DISASTER, THOUSANDS MISSING

This is what downtown Broken Arrow, Okla., looked like yesterday following the storms.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 19 (AP)—A wave of tornadoes cut across parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa tonight, leaving behind widespread destruction and loss of life.

Volunteers were working throughout the six states in an effort to dig out from the debris under which parts of several towns are buried. At last count 37 bodies had been recovered from the rubble, but the death toll was expected to double by the time the thousands of missing persons were accounted for.

Considering the scope of the disaster—many towns were left in virtual ruins by the storms—spirits were surprisingly high.

"We're going to rebuild," said John (Lucky) Smith of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, which was largely obliterated by the tornadoes. Mr. Smith, who moved to Broken Arrow in May after his home in Xenia, Ohio, was destroyed by tornadoes, said, "We're going to hang in there, we're not going to quit. Just like Hank Aaron. Did you

See DISASTER, A 25, Col. 5

Agnew Assails Income Tax Evaders

IMPLIES LACK OF PATRIOTISM MOTIVATES CHEATERS

By Steven Issaic

BILOXI, MISS., August 19—Vice President Agnew lashed out tonight at the unusually large number of people who have recently been found to have underpaid their income taxes over the past several years.

Pointing to the coincidence that the overwhelming majority of the offenders were from the liberal side of the political spectrum, Mr. Agnew drew enthusiastic applause from his audience of Mississippi business executives with his caustic comments.

"I think it's mighty queer that so many who oppose this Administration, who in fact like to think of themselves as enemies of this Administration, should turn out to be common income tax chiselers," the Vice President said.

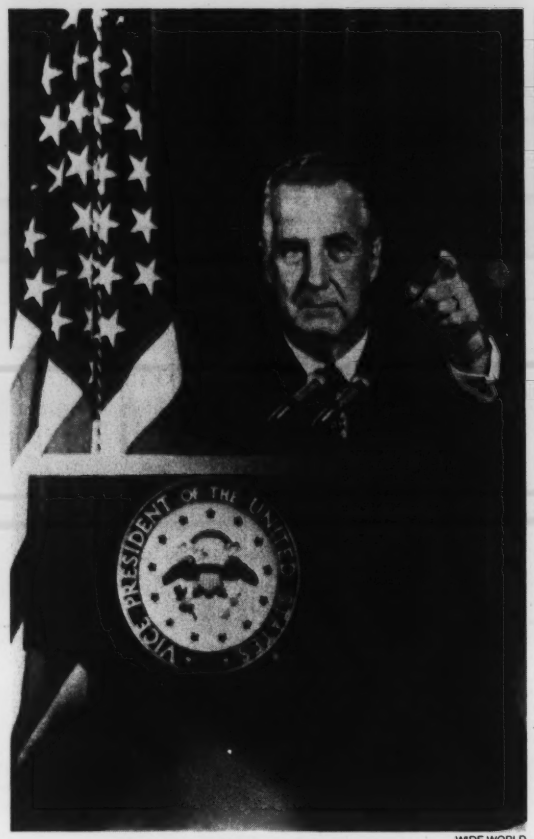
In an apparent reference to the several anti-Nixon reporters and columnists who were found guilty of tax fraud following extensive Internal Revenue Service audits, Mr. Agnew said, "We now know the true measure of these media malcontents who daily dribble their dismal dissatisfaction into the mainstream of our mistakenly maligned society."

As the audience cheered his every comment, Mr. Agnew continued, "We have here a concrete case of cheating, conniving Communist con men conspiring to cripple the Constitution.

"These people have been whining about the alleged use of illegal tactics by this Administration in the pursuance of law and order," the Vice President said, "and it turns out that they've been the lawbreakers, and for no more noble purpose than filling their own pockets.

"It just proves what I have often said," Mr. Agnew concluded, "that people who live in

See AGNEW, A 24, Col. 2



WIDE WORLD

SPIRO T. AGNEW . . . stop cheaters

CITES DISSENTING VIEWS

Ford Revives Attempt to Impeach Douglas

By Jules Witclover

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19—House Minority Leader Gerald Ford today renewed a four-year-old crusade to impeach Associate Justice William O. Douglas, the most liberal member of the Supreme Court.

"What is at issue here is not freedom of speech," Mr. Ford said, "but rather, the freedom of one man to state un-American views from the pedestal of the highest court in the land.

"The fact that Mr. Douglas' views are invariably minority opinions is clear proof of their radical nature. And there is nothing that can excuse his publishing articles in a magazine filled with radical rhetoric and pornographic pictures."

It was not known what was behind Mr. Ford's resurrection of the anti-Douglas campaign—the matter faded away for lack of interest back in 1970—and the House members who were present during Mr. Ford's speech came away from the session with mixed reactions.

"I think Ford is losing the few marbles he has," said Congressman Jerome Waldie (D-Calif.) as he left the House chambers. "The argument was dumb enough, but when he pulled out that ragged old copy of *Evergreen* and started waving the dirty pictures around again, it was just too much."

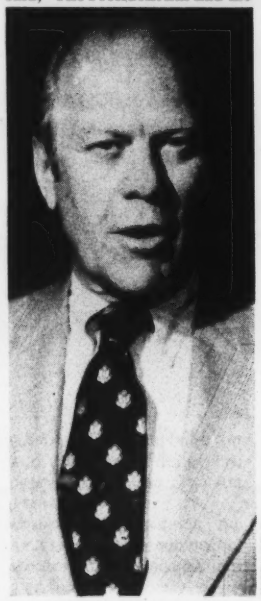
Charles Sandman (R-N.J.) had a different view. "I don't care about the legal niceties. Radicals shouldn't be on the Court."

When questioned by reporters as to the possible grounds for the removal of Justice Douglas, Mr. Ford said, "Gentlemen, as I have stated time

inees to the Court, should another vacancy arise.

Others on the list include Deputy Attorney General G. Gordon Liddy, a judicial conservative whose views, in the words of one liberal senator, "border on the neanderthal."

Also cited are Frank P. DeMarco and Herbert W. Kalmbach, two of the President's personal lawyers. Defending against the possible charge of cronyism—a charge raised in the naming of Treasury Secretary Rebozo—White House Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler said, "The President has had the opportunity to observe the work



WIDE WORLD

GERALD R. FORD . . . opposes dissent

Nader Reveals New Hazard to Consumers

NEW YORK, Aug. 19—Consumer advocate Ralph Nader today released the results of research which may prove to be the most significant discovery of his career.

"While the evidence is not yet conclusive," Mr. Nader said at a press conference, "preliminary tests have shown that exposing the human body to water may have ominous long-range results." Mr. Nader cited the "raisin effect" that occurs after moderate exposure to the substance as "an example of the kind of thing I'm talking about."

While no evidence has been turned up thus far to indicate that moderate ingestion of the liquid is harmful, Mr. Nader said excessive intake of water results in drowning. "The line between moderation and excess is a thin one that may be crossed unknowingly," he warned. He strongly recommended "total abstention, until all the results are in."

Move to Repeal 22nd Amendment Gains Support

ACTION WOULD OPEN DOOR TO NIXON THIRD TERM

By David Boder

The move to repeal the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, which limits a president to two four-year terms, has been quietly gaining support in recent months both in the Con-

If CRAP has its way, the public will go on record on the issue a year from November in a nationwide referendum. If the trend continues and the voters demonstrate support for repeal,

gress and state legislatures

there is speculation that the en-

moderate exposure to the sub- are in."

cent months both in the Con- demonstrate support for repeal, Douglas, Mr. Ford said, "Gen-

. . . opposes dissent

Nixon to Meet with Brandt

President Nixon has announced plans to meet with former German President Willy Brandt during Mr. Nixon's unprecedented worldwide trip this autumn. The excursion, which will include stops in over 70 nations, is being billed as the Greatest Tour in the History of the World Since the Creation.

Referring to the recent scandal which forced Mr. Brandt's resignation, the President said, "I admire the man for having the guts to resign. Sure, he could have done the easy thing and stubbornly clung to power. But instead he chose to follow the difficult and, I might add, the honorable course."

Sinatra Bodyguards Slay Heckler During Concert

FRANK SINATRA
. . . guards overzealous

By Margaret Gentile

LAS VEGAS, Aug. 19—A group of 16 bodyguards beat a woman heckler to death tonight during a concert by Frank Sinatra at the Sands Hotel.

The incident occurred as Mr. Sinatra took the stage for the second half of his show. He started out, with drink in hand, by insulting women reporters—"two-bit dames, I call 'em. You know why? Cause that's all they're worth, two bits!"

He began a song but halted it almost immediately when he spotted a trio of women at a front table. He pulled out a handful of change and tossed it at the women. "Here, this is what you're worth, baby," Mr. Sinatra said, "two bits each."

Accounts vary as to what happened next, but several witnesses claim that the singer spat in the direction of the women. From the rear of the room, someone yelled out that Mr. Sinatra wasn't worth "even two cents." A penny was tossed toward the stage from the rear of the audience.

Immediately a phalanx of Mr. Sinatra's bodyguards charged into the audience and began a 20-minute attack on the heckler, later identified as Jane Doe of Peoria, Ill., while the singer began a medley of hits from his latest album, *Ol' Blue Mouth is Back*.

An autopsy revealed that Mrs. Doe, who was pronounced dead on arrival at the Sands infirmary, died of multiple blows to the head, chest and pelvic region. Las Vegas police termed the death "regrettable but unavoidable." No charges were filed.

gress and state legislatures.

The gains for the so-called open presidency amendment are primarily the result of a three-year lobbying effort by the Committee to Repeal the Amendment Promptly, an ad-hoc group which has its offices in the Watergate, a luxury apartment complex in Washington. Observers say that about 45 percent of Congress (primarily Republicans and Southern Democrats) now favor repeal of the 23-year-old existing amendment.

In addition, following a recent White House campaign attacking the 22nd Amendment as unconstitutional, polls indicate that majorities in as many as 23 state legislatures now favor the new, anti-limitation measure which, if passed by three-fourths of the state lawmaking bodies, would itself become the 27th Amendment to the Constitution.

there is speculation that the entire proceeding might well be completed before the 1976 conventions.

The Administration has recently hinted that the White House is confident about the resolution of the issue. In addition to the President's oft-expressed enthusiasm for presiding over the Bicentennial celebration (which will run well into 1977), White House Chief of Staff H. R. Haldeman has confided to intimates that his personal goal is to direct the 1984 extravaganza that the Administration has indirectly been planning for.

And Attorney General John Mitchell, in a recent off-the-record interview, is said to have remarked, "If this is as successful as I think it will be, we may repeal a few other amendments as well. Take the Fourth

See REPEAL, B 3, Col. 6

Minnesota Congressman Campaigns Against Sex

By Aileen Jacobman

Representative John M. Zwach (R-Minn.) has launched a no-holds-barred attack on the act of sexual intercourse, which the congressman regards as the "number one cause of abortion today."

Mr. Zwach, a longtime abortion foe, came to national attention last March during a Congressional debate on a possible Constitutional amendment regulating abortion. Rather than answer a technical question put to him by Rep. Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.), Mr. Zwach spoke from the heart. "There is a sickness of Americans," he said. "They have to have intercourse. Virtue is self-discipline."

Rep. Zwach has pledged to work toward the enactment of laws prohibiting the sexual act entirely. He has not as yet proposed a means of enforcing the ban, however. "One step at a time" is his usual response to inquiries on the matter.

Thus far the Zwach campaign has been slow to get off the ground. His support has

See SEX, B 16, Col. 6

tlemen, as I have stated time and time again, an impeachable offense is whatever the House deems it to be at any given time. We could as easily impeach a man for the color of his ties as for committing crimes in office."

In a related development, the White House announced today that Mr. Ford is high on the President's list of possible nom-

opportunity to observe the work of Mr. DeMarco and Mr. Kalmbach from a unique perspective, and he has been very impressed."

In reply to a reporter's question about a possible connection between Mr. Ford's Impeach Douglas campaign and his position on the President's list, Mr. Ziegler said, "That question is beneath contempt."

WIDE WORLD

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS
. . . will return

U.N. Condemns Fighting in Cyprus

NEW YORK, Aug. 19 (UPI)—The United Nations Security Council met for eight hours today to consider what action to take following the collapse of the latest Greek-Turkish cease-fire on the war-ravaged island of Cyprus.

The Security Council heard an impassioned plea for peace from the deposed Cypriot President, Archbishop Makarios, who began by denying reports that he had purchased a cooperative apartment in lower Manhattan. "I will return to my beloved homeland and to my people who need me," said the Archbishop, "but first I must be certain that it is safe there."

Following a lengthy debate, Secretary General Waldheim announced a unanimous decision to call for an end to the fighting, which has raged for the past month.

"This senseless killing must be stopped," Mr. Waldheim said as he read the resolution to reporters. "Nothing is accom-

See CYPRUS, A 3, Col. 1

Zen Te

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE DANIELS

Ms. Seligson considers the principle of mind over tennis ball.

ennis

Tim Gallwey, the new tennis guru, gives a few lessons on trusting your body and ignoring your old tennis instructor

By Marcia Seligson

"If you ask any man on the court if he wants a better backhand or he wants enlightenment, of course he'll tell you he wants a better backhand," says Tim Gallwey, the Zen tennis pro. A slender man in his mid-30s who looks and dresses like Gatsby but talks like Ram Dass, he has written an astonishing book called *The Inner Game of Tennis*, which is, peripherally, a book about tennis. As we rap, we are standing on a private court in Beverly Hills where he has just given me a 40-minute lesson which appears to have transformed my mediocre serve into a considerably-less-than-mediocre serve. (I must tell you that my own tennis teacher has been driven berserk for the past six months in precisely this attempt.) Needless to say, I am ready to buy Catalina Island if he's selling.

Tennis is a quintessentially American sport, a metaphor, really, for our whole belief system. Starring that great American hero Winning and its hideous counterparts Losing, Competition, Aggression, Goal Fixation (it really doesn't matter how you play la-de-da-da) and Alienation—I mean, can you think of a contest in which you are more deeply interlocked in struggle with your sole opponent yet physically further apart? Tennis is also about those precious ecstasy zaps that we all live for—the perfect cross-court backhand shot, the service ace, the zinger putaway. The peak moments, the instant flood of self-love to neutralize the explosion of self-loathing from the previous fuck-up. We are a people who measure our human value by the temporal teaspoons of outward performance and validation from others. Tennis, thus, is the perfect American game in the Game of Games.

The premise of the inner game is that there are two tennis games occurring simultaneously: the one that takes place on the court, involving the racket, ball, external obstacles and the external goal; the other occurs within the mind of the player and, to quote the book, "is played against such obstacles as lapses in concentration, nervousness, self-doubt and self-condemnation. In short, it is played to overcome all habits of mind which inhibit excellence in performance . . . the player of the inner game comes to value the art of relaxed concentration above all other skills; he discovers a true basis for self-confidence and he learns that the secret to winning any game lies in not trying too hard. The most irrelevant word in the English language, Gallwey says, is "try"; the most vital is "let," as in "let it happen," "let it be."

I have always played tennis pretty much the way I play life. I work very hard at it because it's extremely important to me, yet I only *deeply* enjoy it when I'm winning; losing sometimes hurls me into black depressions and hours of self-flagellation. Periodically, I blame my tennis pro for everything that's wrong and I am envious if my regular partner seems to be making more progress than I. I appear, every few months, at the sporting goods store to acquire new Adidas shoes or a wrist band or fuchsia balls or a new dress—surely *now* I'll get my act together. My biggest frustration is that I feel I should be able to control the whole damn thing and be Billie Jean. In truth, I've always suspected there had to be a better way to play this game. Then, as they say in novels, I met Tim Gallwey.

"The only obstacle to overcome on the court is your conscious mind," he informs me as we begin the lesson—me, who has always assumed the power of her daz-

Marcia Seligson is a NEW TIMES *contributing editor.*

zling conscious mind to be the only hope she has to counteract her innate athletic poverty. On the other hand, I have certainly noticed how on that really slow, easy ball that takes so long to reach me I have time to flash on four alternative returns plus think about dinner, I frequently screw it up. Tim asks me: "Does anything know how to play tennis if not the conscious mind?" A rhetorical question if I ever heard one. He continues: "I believe the body knows, in exactly the same way the body knew how to teach you to walk. Either the body knows everything already and all we have to do is let this knowledge emerge—but this is a rather mystical concept and probably unacceptable to most Western minds—or there is a very complex, intricate mechanism within the body that can teach us the best way for ourselves to play, if we let it and don't interfere. I have no information to impart to you about playing tennis. You must make a decision to trust your body, to stop trying hard, stop making judgments about every shot, and just let what's happening happen and be aware of it. That's all."

As he speaks, my usually feeble serve is acquiring a force and power I've never experienced. I feel like a person tossing away her crutches at Lourdes

We step out on the court to deal with my serve. When my regular pro and I work on this, he shouts out encyclopedic instructions and corrections, criticisms and compliments with every ball I serve. What I always experience is confusion from too much input—bend the elbow/toss the ball higher/relax the wrist/feet do your stuff—plus anxiety and miniscule improvement. With Tim, it goes as follows: "As you serve, instead of trying to do it right, I just want you to become aware of how you are naturally serving. Just experience your body, don't try to change anything." I serve about 20 balls, report to him that I'm aware of my tennis elbow and a lot of tightness in my wrist and shoulder. I also notice that I have been serving better than usual. Tim: "Now, I want you to completely relax. Don't bring your arm down, let gravity do it. Don't control anything. First you have to get rid of your attempt to get power, then the power comes. It will emerge when you let go of your effort to get it." As he speaks, I am hitting one ball after another, my usually feeble serve is acquiring a force and power I've never experienced. I feel like a person tossing away her crutches at Lourdes.

We continue: "Now I want you to let go of controlling your body. Let your body control you, the serve to serve you, not you to serve the serve. You're going to be there witnessing, observing your body in the process of learning how to serve. You want to take an interest in everything your body does in this process, but you don't want to make any judgments about it. Start serving, be aware of what happens, see what feels good, what doesn't. But don't make any corrections; your body will do that when it wants to. You don't have to do this thing; just watch the little seams of the ball spinning, forget about your stroke." (I later learn that seam-watching is a meditative technique, to keep you in the desired state of relaxed concentration.)

I keep asking Tim how I'm doing; the unfamiliar lack of someone judging my performance, saying "good shot" or giving a criticism is almost unbearable. He merely responds with, "That's what is; it's what's happening." What's also happening is that my serve is getting stronger by the minute, more accurate, more controlled. And without trying at all, I am becoming increasingly relaxed and flowing, the sense that I have of "letting the serve serve me" is utterly new and exhilarating. I have no idea why this esoteric business should be occurring, but I can't help but trust it.

Tim shows me two exercises to further illustrate the instinctive wisdom of the body. First, he instructs me to hold my arm out straight and try to resist his bending it. I am quite strong but he forces it back easily. Then: "Now don't try at all; just stay relaxed and ask your arm not to bend, ask the energy to flow out through your fingers." I am here to tell you that he is then unable to budge my arm, despite the fact that it is without tension.

In the second exercise Tim places a chair in the back court on the other side of the net and says: "Look well at that target; get a clear picture of the path the ball would have to travel to hit it. Now, *don't* try to hit the chair. Let the body find out how to hit it." I hit two balls, watching them land a few feet from the chair. "Make no effort to correct," he says. "That's the body's job. If you can trust it, and just experience what you're doing, it will correct itself—as soon as it wants to." Suddenly, every ball I hit slams onto the chair, eight in a row. "Now I'd like you to try and hit the chair. Really try." I do, and each shot falls wide. "TRY HARDER," he shrieks. I do. It gets worse. He smiles, not smugly, just Buddha-like. "The one thesis of the inner game is that if you want to see something different, instead of

changing it, just become more aware of it as it is."

Tim Gallwey, now 36, grew up in California as "a standard American overachiever." His early life was dominated by the obsession to do well at things, particularly tennis. At the age of 11, he would get up at 7 a.m. and run three miles to the court; at 15 he was National Hardcourt Champion. After Harvard, Vietnam, five years as admissions director at a new college that went broke, he decided to teach tennis for awhile. "I taught the way I'd been taught," he says over lunch, "and quickly got bored. I began to slowly evolve some provocative questions in my mind. Like how come the more instructions I give the worse the pupil seems to do? Why does it take him so long to learn? The first thing I realized was that too much was going on in his head for the movement to be spontaneous. I started teaching by nonteaching and the results were instantaneous and startling. Now I'm interested in tennis only as a metaphor. It's immediate, physical, clear and it works. There's no bullshit."

He tells a wonderful story about his new-found Zen consciousness and his own tennis game: "I found myself able to let go of almost all conscious effort on my serve and thus the serve just seemed to serve itself with rare consistency and power. For a period of two weeks 90 percent of my first serves went in; I didn't serve a single double fault. Then one day I went out to play with my roommate, a tennis pro, and I said, 'Watch out. I've got the secret to the serve.' I served two double faults the first game, and my serve has *never* been as good again. In my one remark I'd switched back into attempting control; I thought I'd found a Zen trick. And whoever doles out the grace doesn't like tricks."

In the next three days, I play tennis every day, better and better and—God help me—I think I've found the secret. My opponents all comment on my progress and my odd serenity and all that I am doing is focusing my total attention on my breathing and the seams of the ball. Then, I go to San Diego, where Tim Gallwey is giving a workshop on The Inner Game at a conference of the Associationof Humanistic Psychology. In this atmosphere he talks heavier Zen and lighter tennis. "We must trust the balls that go out as well as the ones that go in," he says to 50 people on the court. "We need to fuck up in order to confront our fear: the only way to get over the terror of missing the shot at match point is to miss the shot at match point. When it doesn't matter anymore, we won't need it and we'll stop."

He demonstrates first with a poor player whose lobs initially sail over the fence, then with a man he grabs off the street who has never held a racket and is wearing high-heeled boots. With both, the effects are virtually instantaneous. Then, he selects a fine player who wants to improve her net volleys. He tosses her 10, with no instruction, and she hits most into the net, or unimpressive pokes that just dribble over. "What's wrong with the ball is that it isn't going into the court very much," he observes wryly. "I only have one instruction for you. Only pay attention to the ball, and forget about hitting. I don't care where you hit it or if you hit it. Don't try to change anything." Right away, she smashes almost every one beautifully. It's like she's a ringer. The first time the audience applauds, she starts flubbing. "If I criticize her," Tim says, "she'll try to do it right. If I compliment her she'll try to do it right. 'Good shot' is just as detrimental to the body as a criticism."

His notion of judgments is that they blur our perceptions, our ability to concentrate on the here and now by plunging us into tension-filled expectations. If we start out with "that was a bad shot," we then project to "my backhand's bad today" to "I'm a bad tennis player" to "I'm no good at things" to the ultimate, grand I'M NO GOOD.

I've been noticing, for some time, that it only works when you're not trying, it always comes to you when you don't care about it, and never when you really need it. I have always believed that truth to just be Life giving you the cosmic finger. But Tim Gallwey and I talked of this in the tennis metaphor, and it all became suddenly clear. "The only thing I have control over in the system," he says, "is my ability to make the best effort. If we're attached to the results, to the winning, it draws our consciousness to the results, with the consequence that we have very little consciousness left for making the best effort. I'm not saying to suspend our ultimate desire for the ball to go in the court—that's the game. But in order to achieve that end, we have to make it count less. It matters only a little bit, but it *does* matter a little bit. Whether we hit that last ball in or out, whether we win or lose the match, how much does that matter?" ●

"The only obstacle to overcome on the court is your conscious mind"

Masochistic travel guide

For the thousands now packing for their annual summer journey, here's the compleat, invaluable handbook for the ultimate in summer fun

By Richard Lipez

As the summer travel season reaches its peak, the Texas Cartel Oil Company has once again issued its handy annual Texacart Guide for the Masochistic Traveler. According to Texacart, the prospects for a lot of reasonably depressing experiences during your trip this year are good.

The restaurants along the major toll roads, for example, are now indistinguishable from Bihari refugee centers. Texacart, in cooperation with the International Red Cross, has ranked them according to degree of menace. One star means "moderately menacing," two stars is "highly menacing," three stars means "strikes terror in the heart of the average adult," four stars means "Lucrezia Borgia is in the kitchen—table service provided by the Eritrean Liberation Front."

Once he's off the toll roads, it is still possible for the masochistic traveler to inflict hurt on himself at mealtime. He can do this by visiting one of the big hamburger chains, which prepare their hamburgers in Omaha and ship them to the outlets once a month via third-class parcel post. This year's Texacart award for the worst hamburger goes to the Burger-Boob Company, whose product most resembles industrial waste served on a damp bun.

In the realm of aesthetics there are all kinds of treats this year for the traveling family that hates itself. In fact, competition among highway eyesores was so fierce this year that Texacart had to limit its listings to the guide's regular advertisers.

Texacart gave itself this year's award for the Most Obtrusive Gas Station Sign—a 350-foot,free-standing metal tube and revolving illuminated advertisement that has replaced Pikes Peak as a visual reference point for travelers in Colorado and most other states in the American and Canadian West. The Sierra Club has so far prevented Texacart from taking over Mount Rushmore and sticking one of its signs in Theodore Roosevelt's left ear.

Also, masochistic travelers will be sorry to hear that two of Texacart's tall signs are no longer on view. The one in Stuart, Iowa, angered the sun, which knocked it over. And the sign at Needles, California, was severely damaged last year by a U-2 on a training flight.

Along with mob scenes, bad food and ugly things to look at, the new Texacart Guide describes and locates the most hideous approaches to cities and towns (8,540 listings), the most aggravating stretches of uncompleted interstate highways, the most overcrowded national parks, airports with the least audible public-address systems and the longest distances to walk between connecting flights, bus terminals most likely to generate mild hysteria, bus terminals most likely to induce severe hysteria and that look as though you will get VD from using the public telephone (57 listings).

The Texacart Guide also provides an appendix this year which tells where the discriminating masochist can find the roadside stands selling the least authentic handicrafts. Listings are provided for Navaho yo-yos, Hopi sauerbraten, Iroquois bathmats, Pennsylvania Dutch toy submachine guns and Shaker vibrating cushions.

You can pick up your Texacart Guide from the man at the Texacart sign—which you can't miss. And have a terrible trip. ●

Lipez, a free lance from Lanesboro, Mass., writes regular columns for the Amherst Record *and the Boston* Herald.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

The last man to beat Nixon remembers how it was

Los Angeles, Calif.—The 1962 campaign for the office of governor of California was entering its final week and Pat Brown, the incumbent, was locked into a fierce struggle with his Republican opponent, Richard M. Nixon.

As Brown recalls it, Nixon called a press conference early that week to announce: "On Friday, I will tell the voters of California *the truth* about Pat Brown."

"Oh my God!" thought Brown, suddenly clammy. "What does he know?" As with any man who had served as long as Brown had in public office, there had been an accumulation of minor guilts. Nixon's reputation as a man who was not above smearing political opponents did little to diminish Brown's discomfort. "Do you suppose he found out about . . .? Or maybe somehow he got information on . . . ." Two decades of real and imagined foibles paraded through Brown's mind throughout that final week. *The truth* about Pat Brown. No single sin seemed grievous enough to warrant such an ominous phrase, but still, with Nixon, one never knew. The governor was growing frantic.

Brown awoke at about six o'clock that Friday morning in a semi-dark, unfamiliar motel room in an unfamiliar town. The pace of the campaign had left him dazed and exhausted. Was this Bakersfield? Fresno? He could not quite remember where the campaign had paused, or at what ungodly hour, the night before. The first thought that struggled to him through his grogginess was that this was the day on which Richard Nixon would reveal *the truth*.

And then, in one of the most horrifying moments of his life, Pat Brown realized that he was not alone in this room with bare streaks of daylight cutting the darkness. *There was a woman lying next to him in the bed!*

Brown froze. Fully awake now, and lying motionless, as one might in the presence of a scorpion or poisonous snake, Brown stared wide-eyed at the ceiling and began to sweat profusely as he contemplated the abrupt and disgraceful end to which his political career had come.

"The truth" about Pat Brown. Well, there it was. Lying next to him in the bed. "That bastard Nixon," he thought. "How did he do it? How did he arrange it? What the hell happened last night? This is awful. Oh Christ, I wonder if they got pictures."

Ever so carefully, Brown shifted his position to get a better look at the woman. One of those paid political whores. A woman those unscrupulous bastards had slipped into his goddamn bed!

But as Brown continued to look at the woman, he was struck by a faint flutter of recognition. Hey! There was something awfully familiar about her posture in sleep. Tentatively, cautiously, still hardly daring to hope, he lifted the pillow that had partially covered the woman's face.

Goddamn! The governor of California exhaled fully for the first time since waking up. An involuntary grin spread across his face. The woman lying next to him was his wife.

"So that night," Brown recalled, "Nixon goes on television and says the truth about Pat Brown was that he was soft on communism or some garbage like that, and a couple of days later, of course, I beat him."

At lunch with a few friends awhile back, Brown, at 68 a practicing lawyer who is still vigorous, spry and more gregarious than ever, told what happened the day after the '62 election.

"Jack Kennedy called me," he said, obviously relishing the memory. "And he said, 'Well, Pat, I killed him and you buried him.' "

"Yeah," said someone across the table, "but you forgot to drive the stake through his heart." **—By Joe McGinniss**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARING ABBOTT / BLACK STAR

On the (nude) beach

Queens, N.Y.—It is 11:42 a.m. at Jacob Riis Park. Mrs. Dubitzky and a dozen others have taken up boardwalk positions overlooking Bay 1. Mrs D., a squat-bodied elderly woman, has a pair of binoculars glued to her eyes. With them, she is scanning the beach in front of her. Scanning it with all the intensity of a destroyer captain searching for enemy U-boats. "Nuh," she grimly informs those around her, "I don't see any yet."

What Mrs D. is looking for is nude sunbathers. Yes, *nude sunbathers*—right in the heartland of hostile, alienated New York. Mrs D. heard the ugly rumor late last night on a call-in radio show. So here she is to see those "sick freaks" with her own two eyes.

Half an hour passes but still there is no disgusting, deplorable nudity. But then, at 12:37, an enormously fat girl comes flouncing onto the beach. This looks promising; she's wearing a tiny halter and stretched to bursting bluejeans. On the boardwalk there is an anticipatory hush. Mrs D. sharpens the focus of her binocs. The fat girl smooths down a blanket, waves to the gallery and then—with great suddenness—she whips off the halter top. There is wild cheering as two, snowy, Everest-sized breasts flop free. Not since the Mets won the Series has there been such ebullience in New York. The fat girl's adoring fans are now pleading with her to "take it all off." She obliges. They gasp. One goggle-eyed pre-pubescent now requests that she "put it back on."

Too late. It turns out that the fat girl is a carrier, a veritable Typhoid Mary of nudity. Within moments, her courageous example has inspired an astonishing plague of nudity. All around there is a massive outbreak of pale, vulnerable flesh. Flesh which has seldom seen any light more potent than that of a scented candle.

Walking onto the beach proves to be like walking onto a Bosch canvas. Four young women, entirely starkers, are playing gin rummy and regaling one another with anecdotes about their respective gynecologists. Nearby, two young men are affectionately rubbing cocoa butter poultices into each other's taut little rumps. Over here there is a flagrante delicto Frisbee game. Over there is what seems to be a nude conga line. . . . Of course, everyone on the beach is relentlessly pretending that there is nothing wrong with this picture.

Not so on the boardwalk. The crowd has been enlarged and enlivened by a group of working stiffs on their lunch break and a group of coast guardsmen on

leave from a nearby base. How droll these fellows are! They make proposals of marriage and many less mentionable proposals to every single woman they see. They loose a torrent of raffish epigrams (More than a mouthful is wasted, honey) and witty couplets (Shake it, mamma, don't . . .). And they direct numerous, sparkling japes at "homos" and "whores" alike.

Indeed, there are many "homos" on the beach. For many summers, Bay 1 has been a primary staging area for the gay scene in New York. Suffice it to say that in Bay 1 lone men on blankets don't remain that way for very long. As for straights, the action is considerably more subdued. Subdued? Try nonexistent. There are no lone women. And many women, especially those in the altogether, seem to be palling around with men of a highly cheerful persuasion.

Why? One lady, wearing only Noskote, put it this way: "I feel safe with gay men. I know they won't be getting any ideas from seeing me nude. They're *polite*," she says (while fixing a death-ray glare at this reporter). "They don't *stare*."

How does she feel about the gawkers on the boardwalk? "In that they're victims of a sexist culture, I'd like to say that I feel sorry for them . . . . But I don't. I hate their subhuman, voyeuristic guts. I hope they all die in horrible car crashes." The young woman pauses here to rub some baby oil into her tummy. "I hate their looks, their leering comments. It's an invasion of my privacy—an obscenity!" Now the woman is baby-oiling her breasts. This reporter apologizes in advance for the unforgivably stupid question he is about to ask. But could it be that there is just a tiny bit of exhibitionism in all those who choose to have nude-fun-in-the-sun at Riis Park? After all, if you hate being ogled, then why come to a public beach to defoliate yourself? "To get an even tan," is the woman's testy response. The interview is obviously at an end.

Back on the boardwalk the ever-vigilant Mrs D. has managed to corner a Parks Department cop. Why, she demands to know, doesn't he arrest every last one of those "naked animals" on the beach? The cop patiently explains a recent New York State Supreme Court decision which makes it legal to be publicly nude—as long as one does not behave in a lascivious manner. Mrs D. does not catch the distinction. "But they're naked, that's obscene!" she insists over and over again. Finally, the cop loses his patience. "Lady," he says, "they're young. They ain't obscene. But if you took your clothes off, now that would *really* be obscene.

"Up yours," Mrs D. mutters in response.

—By Jack Friedman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARING ABBOTT/BLACK STAR

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG GERVASI

Hefner: Paradise reconsidered

In which the man in the citric-orange terry-cloth jumpsuit makes the difficult transition from electronic recluse to jungle chic

By Sam Merrill

In November 1973, an article I wrote for *Playboy* resulted in Hugh Hefner being sued personally for a quarter of a million dollars. So while Judy Horberg, a West Coast flak in the curious habit of ending conversations with the phrase "talk on you later," was driving me out to my interview at the L.A. mansion, I asked her if Hefner was the kind of guy who held a grudge. She didn't answer. I panicked.

Mansions to the left of us, mansions to the right. "These used to be the servants' quarters," Judy said. I didn't know she was joking until she laughed.

A hulking Lincoln Continental with a license plate that said "PIPS" took the corner on two wheels, lurched forward, came to an hysterically screaming halt inches behind Judy's rear bumper.

"Rich cocksuckers, think they own the . . .," I mumbled.

Judy grinned, waved out the window. The swarthy driver of the Continental waved back, honked hello. "That's Joe DeCarlo," Judy said. "One of Hef's friends. John and Hef are partners in a backgammon club here in L.A."

"Pips?" I suggested.

Judy was impressed. "Have you been there?"

"Never heard of it."

The house and grounds were incredible. Rows of yellow flowers divided long green walks, reminded me of an endless wall of Muensters I once saw in a poster of a northern European street bazaar.

"I never get tired of showing people this place," Judy said.

I believed her.

Two tennis courts appeared in a gentle valley. Barbi Benton, Hefner's girlfriend, volleyed with a shirtless stud.

"And beyond the barbecue area . . ."

"Wait a minute, Judy." Only after I had absolutely determined that Barbi *was* wearing underpants—they were flesh-colored—did I agree to continue. Climbing the flagstone steps toward the pool, we encountered an authentic artifact of Hefner's existence, a half empty Pepsi bottle, overturned, in the grass. I felt like Columbus spotting that first Caribbean gull.

The pool appears to be, but is not, a swelling in the stony creek that divides the grounds. Beyond the pool, the umbilical of water shrinks again, curls around a rock formation and into a cavern of heated whirlpool baths. Men and women sat by the pool, lounged in the cave. Most were naked, some were not. There didn't seem to be any peer pressure one way or the other. The men were middle-aged business and show business types, ample but not dissipated, with neatly trimmed, "wife-swapper" mustaches. Some California Golden Boys clung to the edges of the scene like window dressing. Surprisingly, the women at the pool were of the most advanced species (Homo Vogueian), with capsulized breasts, long necks craning for sun and asses that are merely thighs touching. With Barbi Benton on the court, the now obsolete specimen (Homo Gouda-Goodie) for which *Playboy* became famous in the '50s went unrepresented.

One couple ran amok in the creek with two sheep dogs while a baby llama looked on. Skinny, bug-eyed monkeys and a few larger apes jabbered and swung between the trees and the ground. Fabulous tropical birds strutted watchfully on the highest knoll and great dappled parrots—one bearing a breathtaking resemblance to Michael J. Pollard—stalked an unfettered perch, chattered a jibberish of delicately phrased but meaningless sound. As we strolled, the llama began tailing me, snuggling cutely under my arm, fouling my white jacket with his exotic slobber.

Hefner appeared briefly in a bathrobe and tennis shoes. We smiled, shook stiffly and he was gone. "To shower," someone said. I waited at a white bistro table just out of the sun, ordered a Pepsi from a tuxedoed eunuch.

Hefner is frequently compared to Walt Disney, but this was no Disney jungle: tour boats cruising up a fluoridated Amazon, passing yawning plastic hippos with better dental work than the Shah of Iran. This was the real thing—Paradise!—snot and all.

Hefner returned from his shower in a citric-orange, terry-cloth jumpsuit, suggested a walk through the ripening afternoon. So this was how it would be! A hike to some secluded spot in the woods, perhaps a little inconsequential chitchat along the way and then . . . who knows what this cunning man might have in store for the guy who got him sued for 250 big ones. One thing was certain: Hugh Hefner could not permit his glittering empire to be nibbled away by the pathetic likes of me.

My only hope was what the De-

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG GERVASI

partment of Defense calls "preemptive, protective reaction," Newspeak for hitting back by hitting first.

"So what's the latest with our lawsuit?" I began, cleverly introducing the notion that it was *our* problem, even though it was *his* money.

"Lawsuit? They don't keep me up on the smaller cases. What's it about?"

I told him.

Hefner laughed, hung a slender arm over my shoulder. "What ordinarily happens is that some guy figures, you know, if *Playboy* is involved, they'll settle. But that's bullshit. There've been many suits against us over the years and not very many wins."

"Oh."

We entered a greenhouse that was in the process of being converted into a tropical aviary. "See those little birds back there? The speckled ones?"

"Yeah?"

"James Caan, the actor, gave them to me."

One of the pieces I'd read while preparing to meet Hefner said Caan was trying to date Barbi Benton.

"Since you've moved out here, you seem to be playing host to a lot of Hollywood types."

"As a kid growing up in the Midwest, the movie folk seemed sort of like

UPI

This is the way Hef and his flora and fauna looked in 1960.

. . . royalty to me."

"And now that you've made it, you want to play host to America's royalty?"

Hefner thought for a moment, jiggled his finger until an exquisite little bird of paradise hopped on. "Something like that." Then the man whose personal fortune has been estimated at over $150 million chirped. The tiny bird answered happily, fluttered away. "People are divided into two categories," Hefner continued, "hosts and guests. And I am one of the hosts."

We broke out into the sunlight, continued our walk. I asked Hefner if his decision to buy a jetliner, acquire the L.A. property, climb out of the seven-and-a-half-foot revolving bed in Chicago that for almost a decade served as the electronic nerve center of the Playboy Empire—in short, to *get out*—was related to a dawning political consciousness.

"No, the consciousness was always there. What was lacking was the decision to move."

I knew that decision had been made sometime in the late '60s, because since then the legendary Chicago Bed has gone unrumpled most nights. Its closed-circuit videotape cameras are silent, the screen is dark. Dozens of bottles of Vaseline Intensive Care Baby Lotion (used for God knows what!) stand unopened and forlorn on its vast, crescent-shaped headboard. "Did you make the decision to *get out* after you got bonked on the head at the 1968 Democratic Convention?"

"A lot of things were happening then that caused me to bring the magazine, and myself, out into the world. I mean, we're close to destroying the planet and we're still hung up with thinking that the flag and national boundaries have any meaning at all."

"So you're not into nationalism?"

"Nationalism is as inconceivable to me as religion."

"In 25 words or less, give me one sure-fire way to improve our civilization."

"We would be a better society if we were a grass culture instead of an alcohol culture. How many words was that?"

"You made it easy."

"Joan Baez is very much into that, the breaking down of national boundaries. We've helped her financially with some of the things she's doing."

Just like in a fairy tale, we came upon a little cottage in the woods. Except this cottage was really a house of games, an electronic wonderland of pinball, racing cars, bumper pool, rocket launchers and, of course, backgammon.

We tried the rocket launcher.

"So you've given money to Joan Baez?" I asked, squinting through a set of shimmering cross hairs at Hefner's launching pads. "I wonder how her women's lib friends feel about that."

I fired. (Miss. Hit! . . . Miss. Miss. Hit! . . . Gone.)

His turn.

"I think," Hefner began cautiously, "women's lib has produced a new sexual puritanism. It's kind of a confused reaction to the way women have been exploited in our society." Hefner was clearly satisfied with that answer. He squeezed the trigger. (Hit! Miss . . . Hit! Hit! Hit!) So much for protective reaction.

"But don't you think the *pictures* in *Playboy* have exploited sex?"

"No." Hefner's eyes lit up like hundred-point bonus bumpers with all five balls in play. "You can't exploit sex, only people. And anyway, the word exploitation is a built-in trap. It means ripping off, using something to your benefit that hurts the thing you're using. So the implication is that *Playboy* hurts women. And that's not true. *Playboy* is *good* for *people*. It decontaminates sex."

"Two out of three?"

"Okay."

Now I had a good feel of the controls. The targets floated tantalizingly into view. "So why are so many feminist leaders down on you?" What a line. Hold it, hold . . . okay. Pow! (Miss. Miss . . . . Miss. Hit! Miss.)

"It gets down to this." Hefner leaned into the gunsight. "Over the last 2,000 plus years, men are the only ones who've had a good deal in society, the only ones who've had a chance to be human. And since there is no viable, human prototype for women, they can only relate to being men. Powerful, assertive, *exploitive* men." (Hit!) "Puritanical men." (Hit!) "Men who have always been against *Playboy*." (Hit! Hit! Miss.)

"Do you think the chic vanguard of women's lib is lesbian oriented?"

"Partly. But that's fine as long as it's not what Pomeroy called compulsive homosexuality, but really just a natural bisexuality. I mean, we're all basically bi-

PHOTO PLAYBOY

On special occasions—for instance, when photographers are present—Hefner himself feeds the animals.

sexual."

My puritanical compulsions begged me to ask if Hugh Hefner ever made it with a guy. But I didn't, and was sorry.

Hefner and I played some other games and the conversation flagged. Not that we weren't loud enough: cheering raucously, attempting to shake steel balls loose from the certitude of gravity with comical applications of body English.

Many commentators have found a grim portentousness in Hefner's compulsive games-playing. And 48-hour monopoly marathons are certainly not what Dr. Joyce Brothers would call "the hallmark of the well-adjusted personality." But I didn't see in Hefner's play the Vince Lombardi syndrome some writers have paralleled to his business success. Instead, that all-exclusive intensity with which Hefner plays seems to be an end in itself. He is playing just a little *too* hard to be serious, and part of the joke seems to be for passers-by to say, "Oh, wow! Why does Hefner take his *games* so *seriously*?" In fact, a floating, in-joke ambiance pervades all social movement at the mansion.

"Your stock has gone down," I said on our way back toward the main house. "Are you worried?"

JoeDeCarlo,thePIPS guy, waved to us from poolside. Hefner loped over and exchanged small talk with his guests. I watched from a patio lounge chair. He looked ridiculously unworried.

After a few minutes, he sauntered back to the patio and plunked down into the chair beside me. He yawned. "The magazine doesn't feel it so much," he said, "but we're in a fairly good-sized recession right now. The stock market's on its ass."

"The magazine, both magazines, are doing well. But your resorts are losing millions."

"The resort and hotel end of things . . . well, property is as good a place to put your money as you're going to find today. That and *Playboy*."

"The stock?"

"No, the magazine!" He laughed. "I ran into a guy in Las Vegas two weeks ago who does that. He buys them in quantity with the idea that they're as good a place to invest his money as he can come up with. Isn't that wild?"

"So you're not worried?"

"No. I've got enough back issues of *Playboy* stashed away to keep me going for quite some time."

A butler emerged from the main house with a bottle of Pepsi on a silver tray.

"Would you like anything?" Hefner asked me, lighting his famous black pipe.

"Uh . . . . Uh . . . ." Anything? I was suddenly overwhelmed by the adolescent and utterly reprehensible notion that for this one and only moment in my life, *any* request would be granted. After all, I was *Hef's guest*. I could think of nothing. The butler left.

I asked Hefner if he was really enjoying his life, or just doing a corporate mascot.

"I realize that people want me to be miserable. But my life is as good as it seems to be and a little bit better because one of the ways I'm lucky is that I'm able to enjoy my success. I've had some good friends in show business—Sonny and Cher, for example—who enjoyed their lives while they were struggling but weren't emotionally equipped to handle making it. Success brings a whole new set of problems."

"And you don't have any difficulty handling the problems of success?"

"I love every one of them." Hefner puffed steadily, like a locomotive.

"This place is unbelievable," I said, extending an arm toward that area beyond the stream where large birds and small apes fraternized amiably.

"The marvel, of course, is that this is southern California. We're a block and a half from Sunset. But we can be any damn place we want: Vienna, the Alps.

. . . It's really an extension of Chicago. Chicago does it all indoors, but it's so much. . . . *greater* here. Here it's indoors, outdoors, and it's still a complete world unto itself."

"Did you add anything, or was it all here?"

"The entire back yard is new. In other words, the hills, all the landscaping, the water, the waterfalls, the ponds, the pool, the rock formations. . . ."

"Even the rocks?"

"It's all new. The tennis courts, the walks, the bar in the bathhouse. . . ."

The most beautiful girl in the world interrupted timidly, handed Hefner a slip of paper with two indecipherable words scrawled across it. He excused himself.

"Let's talk about competition," I said when Hefner returned.

"Okay."

"You've got some now for the first time. Does it bother you?"

"No, I've never been happier."

"Come on, *Penthouse* has made inroads."

Hefner tried to swill down an unmistakably self-satisfied gloat with a mouthful of Pepsi.

"What are you smirking about?"

He got up and walked off the patio onto the lawn. I followed. "We did a survey about six months ago and the surprising thing is that, with *Penthouse*'s success in sales, people who buy it don't have a very high opinion of the book."

"You mean they hate it, but they use it twice a day?"

"I think the major problem *Penthouse* has is that Guccione seems to be the kind of guy people wanted to believe I was. It's just a business to him. As his magazine succeeds, he's busy stashing the money away instead of improving the product. He's still paying cheap and he's still getting cheap. And politically, he's just slightly to the right of Louis XIV."

We forded the stony creek, climbed toward higher ground. The llama and sheep dogs crossed with us, pranced and circled playfully. Hefner scratched and fondled them while we talked.

"It's a good life if you play it right," he said, caressing the llama's snout, bending over until their two ample noses almost touched. "What's that great line from *Mame*? 'Life is a banquet and most poor sons of bitches are starving to death.' " A pink tongue darted between fuzzy lips. The baby llama, unable to contain his ecstasy, had begun licking Hefner frantically, lovingly across the mouth and chin. Hefner laughed and spat.

We doubled back around a wooded area. Bright monkey eyes glimmered weirdly from shadowy trees. We talked about magazines.

"*Playboy* is now beginning to enjoy the kind of impact and importance that brings us stuff like Carl and Bob's thing," he told me, referring to Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men* in the May issue. "We've got an issue out now, or about to come out, that's as good as anything we've ever produced. And that's what my life is all about."

About to come out! The powder-blue May issue had been out for over a week.

That strange lamination of weltschmerz and recluse is the one snag in Hefner's personality, the constant reminder that his life is profoundly different from yours. Hugh Hefner doesn't circle LaGuardia for two hours on a Friday afternoon, then wait in the rain for a cab. A limousine drives him to his personal jet, which is met by another limousine. And when the Rolling Stones come to America, Hefner doesn't elbow his way through 20,000 surly flash-freak adolescents with sequined eyelids, then stand on a chair to see the show. The Stones stay at his Chicago mansion and give a private concert. So along with the kind of status-stratosphere familiarity that permits him to unaffectedly refer to the most valuable literary property in the world as "Carl and Bob's thing" comes a naive and charming innocence of what is, to us, an everyday object: the magazine rack at the corner store.

Then we were back at the white bistro table, where Judy joined us. Hefner ordered another Pepsi, carefully repacked his pipe, informed me that he had willed three-quarters of his entire estate to the Playboy Foundation.

"If I was just wealthy and a philanthropist . . .," Hefner said, striking a match but letting it burn down to his fingers while he spoke. He lit another, continued. "That (puff) would be easy (puff) to handle (puff puff). But the fact that it's got to do with sex (puff puff puff), I mean (puff puff) . . . ." Finally, the pipe caught. "What I'm trying to say is that some of the most liberal, democratic, *caring* people still have sex hang-ups and don't yet see what, for me, is very clear:

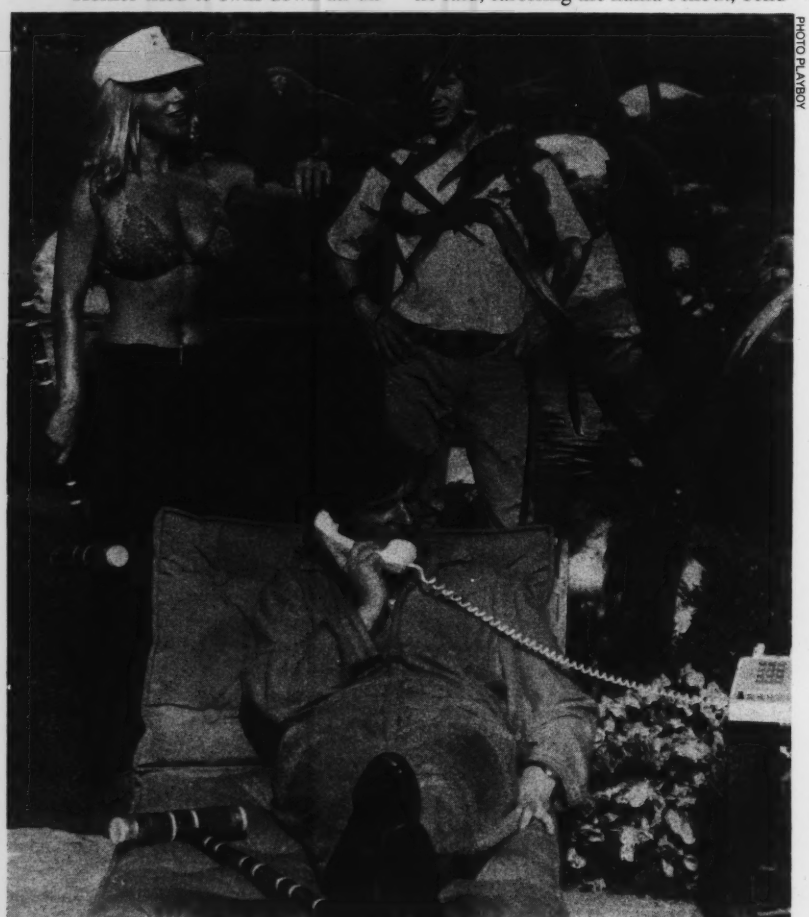


PHOTO PLAYBOY

The caption on this publicity photograph notes: "the terry cloth jump suit is one of Hefner's trademarks."

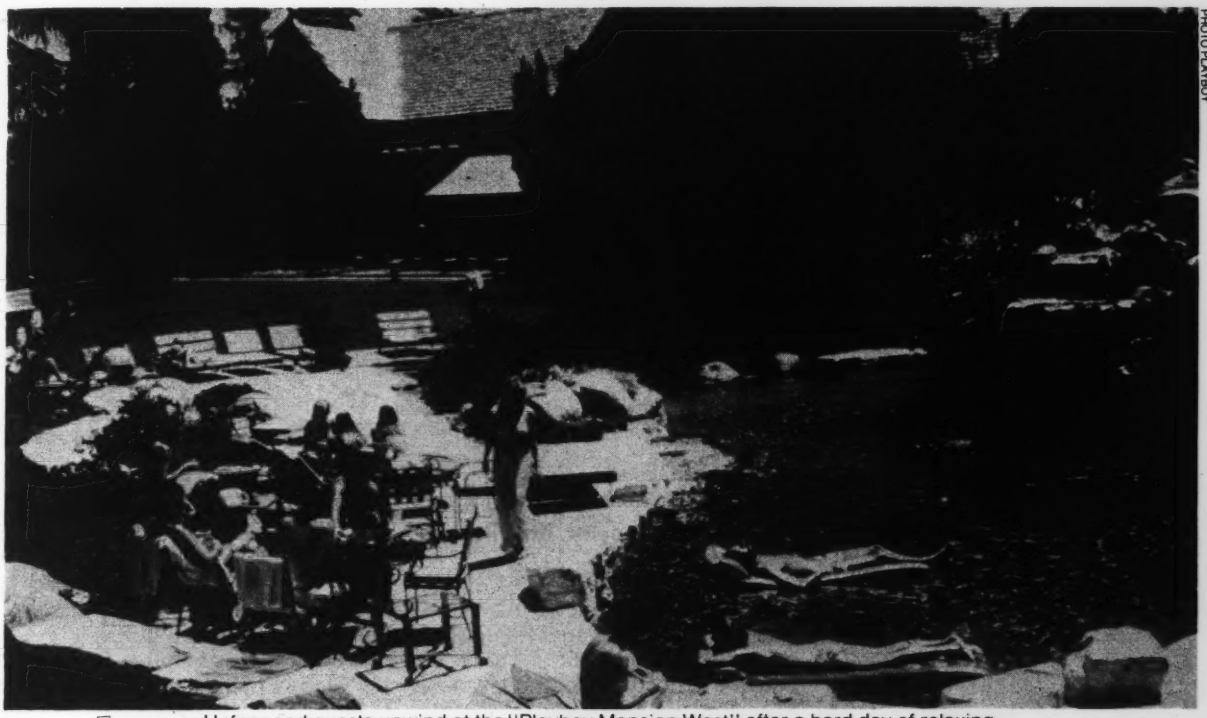


PHOTO PLAYBOY

Hefner and guests unwind at the "Playboy Mansion West" after a hard day of relaxing.

that there's a direct correlation between how conservative or liberal you are in sex and how conservative or liberal you are in social values. You'll find that the authoritarians and the fascists and the *enemy out there* are hung up about sex *and* drugs *and* politics *and* race and . . . *that's the enemy*!"

From there, Hefner took off into the Playboy Philosophy. Although it was ground he'd covered thousands of times before, he attacked the material with a savage enthusiasm. While he spoke, his hand fell naturally across the orange crotch of his jumpsuit. But instead of scratching, he rubbed. Or perhaps kneaded is a better word. The whole thing was over in a moment, almost—but not quite—before Judy could avert her eyes. And Hefner never realized anything had happened. Hefner, it is clear, *can* touch himself in front of a girl. I really liked that.

". . . And the thing that's so unbelievable," he was saying when my senses returned, "is that here in the 20th century, when we are capable of destroying the entire planet, we still have this hang-up about two people expressing affection, love or sensual pleasure."

"That sure is weird, all right," I said.

"Yeah, and it ain't me that's weird, Charlie. It's society."

Cool afternoon breezes riffled through paradise, sent the bug-eyed monkeys scampering to the higher branches. The mustaches and Homo Vogueians drifted in to change for dinner, or leave for other appointments.

We walked.

Hefner told me that when he was putting together the first issue of *Playboy*—which was then called *Stag Party*—until he lucked into the Marilyn Monroe calendar that for $400 became the first centerfold, he was planning to do a 3-D nude layout, with the glasses printed right into the magazine.

"In other words, you almost published a turkey that would have gone bankrupt within a week and a half."

"If I didn't do *Playboy*, somebody else would have. I'm glad it was me, not only on the personal level but because it could've been done by an exploitive person who might have ripped the whole thing off. I really am a very humanistic, *caring* guy."

Hefner lifted a blue macaw down from the perch next to Michael J. Pollard, did Long John Silver. Nobody else at the mansion went near the parrots. "When I was a boy I wanted to become a veterinarian," he said. "Then I discovered girls."

Burt Sugarman, the rock producer, arrived in his yellow, 1928 Rolls Royce Phantom, asked when the backgammon game was starting.

"Soon," Hefner assured him, and Sugarman went inside where, I imagined, the most beautiful girl in the world handed him two vitally important words.

And then it was over. And I was leaving. And all the rich and royal people in Hollywood were either arriving, their fabulous cars fanning out behind Burt Sugarman's yellow Rolls Royce, or dressing upstairs after an uneventful afternoon in paradise.

So what is Hugh Hefner doing in L.A.? The Great Gatsby is a good guess. He has built an empire. He has become one of the world's richest men. And now there is only one thing left to achieve. The ultimate conquest. The romantic ideal. Daisy? No, there are a million Daisys. They're all perfect in paradise. Hefner has migrated to Hollywood to pursue the Big One, the only One that has eluded him these 20 years: Status! Hefner, like Gatsby, is forever doomed to host royalty, become one of them by inviting rather than by being invited.

Why? Because Hefner made his money on tits and ass, and perhaps that is not so unlike having made it in bootleg whiskey, as Jay Gatsby did. And for bootleggers, there is simply no easy way.

So as the sky and the flamingos beyond the creek melt into one color, America's royalty gathers around a slender man in a white linen suit. He speaks, they listen. He smiles, they laugh. He seems to have them now. But yet . . . he *is* an outlaw, and one wonders how many of the people who spend his money would come to his funeral. ●

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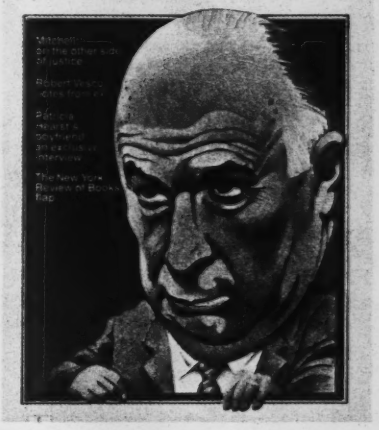

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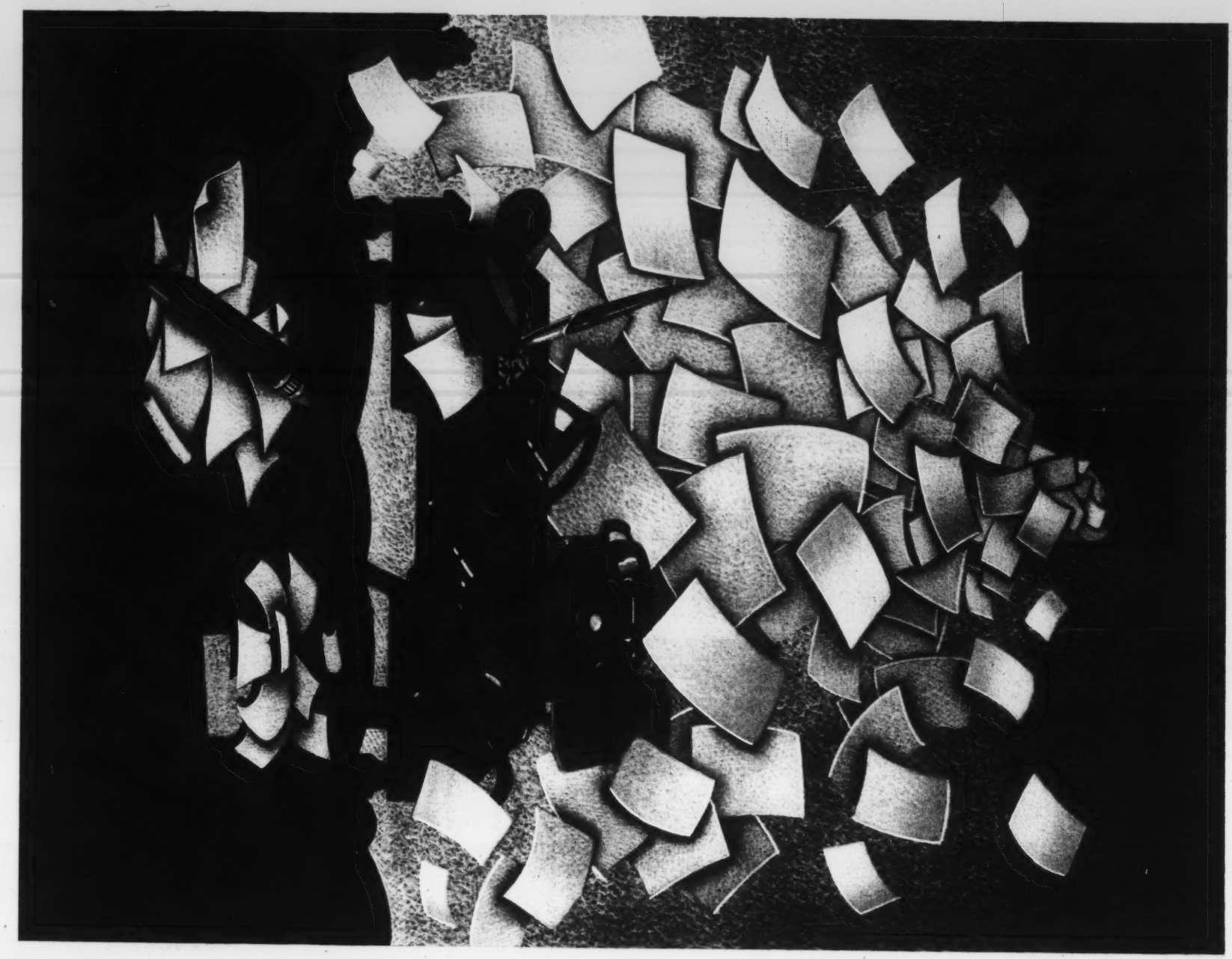

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

Six characters in search of an author

First Readers of unsolicited manuscripts are latter-day Miss Lonelyhearts. All the world's dreams, hopes, agonies and sometimes even some talent are to be found in the fiction that crosses their desks.

By John Stickney

"Every morning a snowy avalanche of manuscripts swelled the dust-gray piles in the office of the Fiction Editor," Sylvia Plath wrote in *The Bell Jar*. "Secretly, in studies and attics and schoolrooms all over America, people must be writing. Say someone or other finished a manuscript every minute; in five minutes that would be five manuscripts stacked on the Fiction Editor's desk. Within the hour there would be 60, crowding each other onto the floor. And in a year. . . ."

Esquire receives 30,000 unsolicited short stories annually; *The New Yorker*, 12,000; *The American Review*, 6,000; and other magazines record a similar wintry onslaught of fiction.

Surging over office transoms, the avalanche melts on the desks of First Readers who slog through the slush—their term for the mass of manuscripts—and select out a handful or two for publication before sending back a blizzard of rejection slips to the authors of the rest. Recently, I spoke with six snow-blind Readers who weather America's storm of imagination.

They report that more stories drift in every year, from across the nation and around the globe; that the slush piles are democratic, representing all manner of ethnic, religious, racial, political and age groups; that styles imitate noted authors from Hemingway to Kafka; that themes march out of the wasteland and into the fun house, pausing at each way station in between; that topical subjects—feminism, communal living, acid, sexual rebellion, Watergate and now streaking—often figure in the plots; and that on rare occasions genuine talent surfaces from the slushy depths.

First Readers wander all over creation to find that talent. One story in 100 shows promise; the rest abuse the eyes and dull the mind, but a single piece of quality fiction redeems the hours spent winnowing through the stacks that arrive with the daily mail and collect in cartons, shopping bags and on shelves. If rejection is a painful task, acceptance is sweet: pleasure passes out of a back office and travels in a wider world.

Successful authors seize glory while their discoverers, most of them young and underpaid assistant editors, continue the anonymous, Sisyphean labor of research. But First Readers take satisfaction in quests across the virgin literary terrain of the country of imagination. Their grail is good fiction, which they fancy a portion of truth. To find it, the voyagers must anticipate painful trials and bizarre phenomena.

"I process people's dreams at 10 dreams an hour," says Lou Asekoff of *Fiction*; he reads 1,500 stories a year, about 12 of which the tri-annual magazine prints. "Of course, they aren't meant to be read so fast, but a good story will refuse that treatment, and I sit back to enjoy it." Enjoyment is his recompense; *Fiction* can afford to pay neither editors nor contributors, and Asekoff teaches English at Brooklyn College.

"Stories often fail in the first paragraph, or even in the first sentence," Asekoff says, stroking his trim beard; we talk in the top-floor walk-up he shares with a woman friend. "Inept writers fight the language and lose. If grammar isn't the problem, then prefab imagery and stock situations are. Many times I can predict a story's last page by looking at the first, but I always hope to be surprised.

"In a good story the prose is a transparent medium that shows the dimension of a writer's feeling. If he pays close attention to his material—I mean in life as well as work—then he'll command my involvement. What bothers me about the slush pile is the low level of attention most writers pay to reality and their reflection of it. How is my consciousness supposed to be engaged if theirs isn't?"

Reading slush makes Asekoff value accomplished fiction all the more. "So much bad Barthelme comes in," he says. "I never fully appreciated Donald until I saw his imitators." Mock Beckett, Borges, Pynchon and Kafka also arrive at the magazine, which welcomes experimental writing.

One Kafka-influenced contributor wrote, "At the end of the tunnel, this cramped and lonely passage as dark as dread itself, the unfortunate H. came upon an oaken door. Pounding and pounding to no avail, he slumped against the frame, and a dislodged cobweb trailed across his face. He cried out. All at once a bolt shot open, the door creaked, and in the glimmer of light H. saw a cloaked Friar, impassive, standing in what seemed to be a crypt, holding up a lamp that stung his eyes."

"I've seen quite a few insane ver-

John Stickney is a free-lance writer living in New York.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

PEANUTS
The curtain of night enveloped the fleeing lovers.
Though fiery trials had threatened, oceans of longing had kept them together.
Now, a new icicle of terror stabbed at the embroidery of their existence.
JOE METAPHOR!
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sions of Kafka's sane rendition of the world's insanity," observes Asekoff dryly. Asked what preoccupies contributors' thoughts, he recites, "Obsession. Paranoia. Absurdity. Loss of control. Discontinuity. Nightmare. Irony. Immobility." He hands me a communally-written story predicting socio-sexual apocalypse. "I try not to think too much about the writers' personal lives. Stories from people who move easily through the world are rare."

Asekoff figures the growth of creative writing courses in the past two decades accounts in part for the volume of material First Readers receive. "A lot of people feel their access to experience is limited in this society," he adds. "They palliate that sense of loss by the act of writing. They can create an alternative world, one they imagine they control.

"But writing is more than therapy. A good writer gets in touch with himself and then takes the next step: he tries to please others. Art is that step beyond self-expression."

On his office wall at *The American Review*, Tony Koltz tacks up cartoons of Snoopy, a notorious submitter of slush. In one panel the dog reads an editor's letter: "To save time we are enclosing two rejection slips. One for this story, and one for the next story you send us." Snoopy is bound to fail, I suggest, when he begins his tales with, "It was a dark and stormy night." Koltz disagrees, recalling the preface to *The Anathemata*, an essay collection by Welsh poet David Jones:

"It was a dark and stormy night, we sat by the calcined wall; it was said to the tale-teller, tell us a tale, and the taie ran thus: It was a dark and stormy night. . . ." Impressed, I ask Koltz if the slush he sees is so brief and provocative.

"Hardly," he says. "Tending slush is a chore I can find reasons to postpone. Still you can't tell. There might be quality in those boxes." He gestures with his pipe at two bulging cartons, then reaches for a recent copy of the quarterly; its cover heralds "The Oranging of America" by Max Apple. "I read that story in a deadened frame of mind, and I didn't see how good it was. But when I tried to stuff it in the return envelope, it just wouldn't let itself get stuffed.

"That sometimes happens. Good stories leap out at you, and you get this gut feeling about their worth. Quality will surface. Writers are paranoid about editors' taste, but we're on their side, and one of us sooner or later will help decent work see print. I don't think many undiscovered geniuses languish out there forever." Koltz notes that usually a third of any issue of *The American Review* squeezes in over the transom.

"We get tons of slush because people—especially young people—feel it's morally right to be creative," he says. "Now Sunday painters or after-dinner musicians can't inflict themselves on more than a small group. But would-be authors find our address in hopes we'll give them a larger audience."

No one speaks of "slush" at *The New Yorker* , Fran Kiernan tells me; the preferred term is "unsoliciteds." Whatever they are called, 250 manuscripts arrive each week at the magazine, where they are alphabetized for delivery to two editors. In a plant-strewn office Kiernan reads A through K. When I enter, she proudly points out the functional transom above her door.

The New Yorker publishes only four or five unsoliciteds every year, according to Kiernan. First Readers are resigned to such small returns on large investments of time and effort, but a tally of manuscripts printed or rejection slips mailed is not the total of their influence on the literary community. As fiction's treasurers, they help circulate its currency by encouraging talented writers, criticizing their stories and referring them to other magazines. Their approval may launch a valuable career; their silence clears out worthless accounts.

"Hope keeps me going through the unsoliciteds," Kiernan says, adding that *The New Yorker* would like to receive still more. "We treat them very seriously." Although most stories betray little influence of established writers, mimicries of Salinger and Singer occasionally cross her desk. Imitation Brautigan is out of vogue, and synthetic Barthelme tapers off.

For a while Barthelme's style spawned a cottage industry of fake stories printed under his name. "As it happens, I did not write it," he disavowed one piracy in a letter to the *Times Book Review* last year. "It is quite a worthy effort, as pastiches go, and particularly successful in reproducing my weaknesses."

Apart from imitations, Kiernan sees recurrent plots that flow through the unsoliciteds. "I read about housewives going mad," she says. "Or passengers boarding mysterious trains at night. Or people butchering animals and murdering their cats. I have a cat and I resent those stories." Now and then a writer will strike her as mentally unbalanced. "That's sad. I read the crazy stories and feel a bit like Miss Lonelyhearts."

For a couple of afternoons I become an arbiter of dreams typed on Corrasable Bond, the stories courtesy of *Mademoiselle* and *Esquire*.

"Don't strain your eyes on too much fantasy," warns Beth McNichols of *Mademoiselle*, handing over my pile of slush; she sees 3,000 manuscripts each year. "There are times in this job when I think I'm going blind, and if I do, I hope it happens while I'm reading a good story." In her office hangs a mobile decorated with the names of "repeaters": chronic contributors.

"I have this nightmare," Julie Schwartz of *Esquire* tells me, handing over another pile. "I dream that Thomas Pynchon sends us a story and for some reason it ends up in the slush. I read it in a daze and slap a rejection slip on it. Then the managing editor finds out I turned down a Pynchon story, so he calls me into his office and gives me hell for my stupidity."

The fresh manuscripts are neat, almost expectant. Their upper right-hand corners say "About 3,000 Words." Rusty paper clips stain several top margins, signs of passage through time and many hands. Attached to each story is a return envelope—Special Fourth Class Rate—addressed to the author, who lives in Apartment 15-A or Room 308 or R.F.D. Route Two in Kearney, Nebraska, or Wheeling, West Virginia, or Sacramento, California.

A few contributors, I suspect, resemble the hero of "A Little Cloud" in James Joyce's *Dubliners*: "There were so many different moods and impressions that he wished to express in verse. He felt them within him. He tried to weigh his soul to see if it was a poet's soul. Melancholy was the dominant note of his

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temperament, he thought, but it was a melancholy tempered by recurrence of faith and resignation and simple joy." Editors at first rejected Joyce's story collection.

"Me, I've never been published before," notes the cover letter on a story from a housewife, a reporter, a prisoner, a public relations officer, a student, most of whom need a grammar book or spelling primer. "What else is there to say?" By mailing in manuscripts they risk rejection; behind the hopeful authors stand all the other people with tales to tell who never commit them to paper. One man pastes a sticker on a page: "Associate Member—Society of Confession Writers."

Many contributors confess the details of imagined lives quite close to home, and a few ask that pseudonyms hide their identities if the stories see print. They tell of love lost or won—a first affair, an adulterous liaison, a homosexual encounter—as well as family conflicts where staid parents oppose rebellious youngsters or siblings rage at one another. Yesterday's events often become the material for today's plots.

Nearly all stutter in confession, unable to articulate. Personal or fanciful, their experiences cluster in dark places: abortion mills, funeral parlors, back-street bars and rumpled beds in tenement flats or school dormitories or suburban tract homes where love and death commingle in melodramatic abandon.

"Mia was biting on a cigarette and heaving the smoke out between her lips," writes a contributor who prefers adventure to confession; in the slush two-fisted tough guys still handle opulent-breasted, raven-tressed dames. Somewhat gentler action tales pit demure young heroines against diabolical barons or faithless lovers; occasionally embroidered in the plot's meager design is a triangle, a broken heart, a fallen leaf.

Alongside these manuscripts I find homespun philosophies unraveled ("Into each life a drop of rain must fall"), ethnic reminiscences ("In the old country there was time to care and take care"), detective mysteries ("Remson twirled the cylinder and saw three spent cartridges"), parables and fables (" 'Amuse me,' said the princess to the fool "), science fiction ("Laser beams raked the arid moonscape"), Christmas sketches ("She witnessed the true meaning of the day reflected in the bright ornament") and sages of dope-dealing ("Half a kilo is better than none").

Reading them—save for the few that shine with grace—is like dipping into the White House Transcripts. Deliberate or not, the sadness of most stories assails me; so many end in tears or sobs or groans. The authors' excesses transform the pages into blunt instruments. Bludgeoned by sheafs of mayhem and suicide and calamity, First Readers seek refuge in their rejection slips until a genuine writer treats with skill and subtlety whatever plot, theme or tone he chooses to develop.

But sadness reigns in literature both high and low. The melancholy slush stories are a primitive manifestation of the dread, futility and despair that accomplished modern authors take as themes. Unintentionally, the contributors become Kafka without method, Beckett without humor. At least the dark does not frighten people into silence; they still try to tell their tales.

"Understandably, we get lots of sex-oriented material," Jack Parks of *Penthouse* tells me over a cup of luncheonette coffee. "But most of the authors can't write about sex very well." Nine months on the job part time, he has read 4,000 manuscripts, none of which the magazine has printed. "Much of it's pretty tame. I seldom if ever see hard-core porno."

Contributors are likely to repeat a narcissistic motif; in a typical story the heroine "savored the image the mirror gave to her. She stretched, and her breasts rose, supple as the dawn. Smiling, she reached for the halter and fastened its straps behind her neck, enclosing the twin morning stars."

Parks encounters one plot over and over: "A woman—always very attractive—picks up a man somewhere and then something happens. You can't believe the variety they get within that form. The woman turns out to be the guy's wife in disguise, or she's really a devil or maybe a witch. The occult twist is popular now. I've read seven stories called 'The Sexorcist.' "

Julie Schwartz ordered 30,000 rejection slips from the *Esquire* stockroom last May, and now all are gone. Although failure is a familiar story around the stacks, not long ago writers David Huddle, Michael Rogers and Alan V. Hewat leapt out of the slush and into both the magazine and *The Secret Life of Our Times*, Fiction Editor Gordon Lish's anthology.

Such discoveries are rare, but Schwartz keeps searching. In a cramped office the four-year veteran First Reader riffles through soap-opera love stories, Watergate satires, Hemingway imitations—some use Jake Barnes as their protagonist—and twice-weekly submissions from a perennial, as yet unsuccessful, contributor. "When you turn up a decent manuscript," she says, "you must remember its origin: the slush, the slag, the pits!"

The good stories, Schwartz believes, prove that fiction holds its own in competition with gab shows, flicks, glitter rock, do-it-yourself therapy manuals, speed-reading programs and deadline journalism. Against the odds, people who gamble on novels and short stories—Donald Barthelme, John Gardner, Thomas Pynchon, Joyce Carol Oates and others—lately enjoy a run of good fortune, and their success spurs the creativity of more writers, talented or otherwise, willing to take risks.

To develop new talent Schwartz combs literary magazines as well as *Esquire* slush piles, keeps up an extensive critical correspondence and recommends manuscripts to fellow editors. "I don't deserve a gold medal with oak-leaf cluster," she says. "This is a business, after all. We want to buy good stories. But sometimes I get depressed when more of them don't come in."

In a desk drawer she files correspondence. One letter reads in part: "And now I'm looking for a brake and I believe my writtings consearn morbit things I was called by a writter named George Byron Thompson from Housatonic Mass. the morbit writter. And all so said to be somewhat like Robert Forst. I have a short story about my life and the people I dealt with."

Schwartz wrote to the hopeful author—like many others in the slush, he speaks of "morbit things"—and asked to read his story, but so far he has neglected to reply. ●

MOVIES

A passion for the wrecked

By Frank Rich

Paul Mazursky occupies the most bizarre niche of any American director making movies at the present time. To my knowledge, he's the only one of his kind who actually manifests affection for America's most spoiled children, the fashionable goof-offs and goof-ups of the upper middle class. This is why Mazursky's films have so uncommon a tendency to irritate audiences; most moviegoers could gladly live without direct contact with such consummate assholes as those committee-joiners who support the right causes as a form of social climbing, the striving hipsters who smoke dope ostentatiously to ward off symptoms of middle age and the encounter-group devotees who compare shrinks the way others might cars. Let's face it: whatever you thought of *Bob&Carol&Ted&Alice*, it was hard not to be repulsed, at least at first blush, by a minimum of two of the four principal protagonists (my personal choices for loathing were the couple portrayed by Natalie Wood and Robert Culp); and, judging from conversations with friends, I would guess that the quasi-liberated Susan Anspach heroine of *Blume in Love* was as hard to take as any creation to appear in an American film last year (I found her affecting even as she ran roughshod over my nervous system). Still, while we might stand back from Mazursky's people and condemn them for their elaborate defense mechanisms and facile posing, sooner or later the director will reward those viewers who are patient by revealing the humanity behind these neurotic wrecks, however much that humanity might be obscured by chic fin-de-'60s wardrobes and slick modes of self-expression. (Imagine if Mazursky had made *The Graduate*—we might have come away with some sympathy for that guy who advises Benjamin to find a future in plastics.) God knows that Mazursky is not without his drawbacks as an artist, but he may be the most compassionate director in Hollywood right now. Who else would carve out a career as the poet of the well-heeled schmuck?

It's in this context that I'd like to explain, as quickly as possible, the central problem with **Harry and Tonto**, Mazursky's latest effort and a movie for which I harbor almost entirely good will. For the first time in his career, the director has decided to center a movie around a couple that is intrinsically likable: a bright, literate and 72-year-old widower, Harry (Art Carney), and his pet cat, Tonto. That's fine and dandy, but, in making this choice, Mazursky, the specialist at unearthing the worthwhile impulses in seemingly crass individuals, seems to have robbed himself of that exact challenge which is so central to his work. Throughout *Harry and Tonto*, I got an inkling of laziness when it came to the presentation of the central character, as if Mazursky and his co-screenwriter, Josh Greenfeld, felt this old ex-New York City schoolteacher would take care of himself while they minded the more difficult types surrounding him. The character is just too generalized and too philosophical—though not so smooth to be cloying—and he often appears to be more of a device for propelling us through an anecdotal screenplay than a human being with those uneven edges that remind us of our own experience. And Tonto—well, Tonto is just a cat. I think he exists only so that Harry has someone to spin his memories at, thereby allowing the hero to fill us in on his past without raising the specter of a dottering old man who addresses monologues to empty rooms.

Art Carney and friend in Mazursky's *Harry and Tonto*: a spectacular array of displaced and difficult Americans.

Mazursky may have pulled the rather unique trick of making a movie in which the title characters are the least interesting of the entire picture, but fortunately he does not leave Harry and Tonto to their own devices. Soon after the movie opens, the Upper Broadway apartment house where the old man makes his home falls victim to the wrecker's ball, and he and his pet must leave their familiar urban world of kvetching small grocery store owners, panhandling drunks and infirm ladies with shopping bags. Like Lear, whom Harry quotes as the police evict him from his flat, he, too, must seek refuge with his three children, each of whom is far better than at least two of the three offsprings of Shakespeare's king . . . but each of whom is also cantankerous or obnoxious enough to stimulate the very best in Mazursky.

Somehow—and it's part of the deficiency in the characterization of Harry that we don't know precisely how—this wise, bespectacled man and his late wife, Annie, managed to raise kids who have not survived their journeys into adulthood with either their psyches or values intact. Harry's oldest son, Burt (Phil Bruns), has beady eyes, two combative post-adolescent boys, a sweet-and-sour white-liberal wife and a gun that he pulls out at the sound of any nocturnal stirring he believes to portend doom for his own palace of suburban bliss. Harry's daughter, Shirley (Ellen Burstyn), is a veteran of four bad, childless marriages, and his youngest son, Eddie (Larry Hagman), is "on his ass" broke, unmarried and ensconced in one of those sterile singles apartment com-

plexes which real-estate developers have devised as a haven for the eternally sunbronzed, lonely and rootless. Since, conveniently enough, Harry's children live respectively in the New York area, Chicago and Los Angeles, the path of his journey can take him straight across the nation—providing the basis for a picaresque odyssey that the hero undertakes by Greyhound bus, car and thumb.

As Harry moves from one child to the next, he also manages to meet a cavalcade of other folks in the arid stretches of landscape in between, and all of these cameo figures have been delineated with the unerring specificity one expects from the director. *Harry and Tonto* offers a spectacular array of displaced and often difficult Americans, and it's a particular pleasure to note that many of them are of Harry's generation, even though the aged must be the least commercial commodity known to the movie industry. Mazursky has a feel for these Golden Agers that is both tender and astute; in this movie the old are every bit as hepped up about sex—if not more so—than the young, a passion they express by reminiscing about past liaisons and contemplating the possibility of future potency. Harry himself takes a glorious plunge with an encouraging $100 hooker (Barbara Rhoades) once he reaches the neon desert of Nevada.

A little earlier, Harry also chases down the first love of his life, Jessie (Geraldine Fitzgerald), a woman he had lost when she had refused to marry him and gone off to dance with Isadora Duncan in Paris instead. He finds her, though it's a half-century since they last saw each other; she's been deserted and left to die in a Fort Wayne, Indiana, old-age home. Jessie is senile now—she had ultimately married a druggist, run a local dancing school and (one senses) been a notable town eccentric—and, when Harry gets his reunion, she babbles incoherently about art and dead people, occasionally slipping into half-remembered French. She ends the conversation by asking Harry to dance with her in the tomblike stillness of the home's "arts and crafts" room, and Harry, his eyes glazed with sorrow and concern, takes her hand and follows the lead. Fitzgerald, who is an actress of remarkable and startling beauty, doesn't quite look her alleged age, and neither does Carney, but the brooding quiet of the moment and Harry's visible realization of the lost possibilites represented by the woman in his arms turns a frankly sentimental sequence into a triumph of restrained emotional catharsis. Mazursky further heightens the scene's power by pulling the camera back to show the dancing couple from the point of view of a freaky teenage hitchhiker whom Harry has picked up and who looks on serenely from a window at the other end of the room.

But much of *Harry and Tonto* is funny, not melancholy, for the hero meets some first-class weirdos on the road as well—chief among them a traveling health-food salesman (Arthur Hunnicut) who talks of having buried three wifes ("good women, bad diets," as he recalls them) and an Indian witch doctor (Chief Dan George) with a deadpan fascination for household appliances and their brand names. Mazursky gets away with crazies like these, even gets away with an outrageous running gag about a TV show, because his humor is so casual and offhand. The punch lines in the film are all but thrown away; the director understands that the best comedy is that which doesn't call attention to itself. It's equally important to note that Mazursky continues to resist the temptation, unresisted by many, to exploit drugs for cheap gags. When a teenage boy in *Harry and Tonto* attempts to assert superiority over his brother at the family dinner table by claiming to have spent most of his free time snorting coke and taking "32 trips," his parents are pissed off not by their son's admission of such activity but by his nastiness toward his sibling. Audiences with long memories may recall that *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, Mazursky's first film, was also the first Hollywood picture to show people smoking grass without benefit of psychedelic lights or hyped-up camera contortions.

With the possible exception of the cat of the title (whom I can't judge objectively; I hate cats), *Harry and Tonto*'s cast could not be better. Ellen Burstyn makes an especially welcome post-*Exorcist* comeback as the daughter who realizes, in the course of a walk with her father along the Chicago lakefront, that her love for Harry will always be based on bickering ("I don't always like you, but I love you," she tells him); she gives the definitive portrait of the Mazursky brand of modern woman, sharply intellectual and a little too wary of men for her own good. Hagman is impressive, too, as the broken-down member of the family, a figure of teary bankruptcy in shades and double-breasted vinyl coat who's at least savvy enough to recognize that a marathon encounter session is "a great way to get laid." Josh Mostel does nicely by the

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overweight grandson who travels with Harry for awhile, a Zen follower who can tell Burstyn in all sincerity, "I like you, Aunt Shirley, but you're a cunt"—and make the line sound ingenuous. The eclectic cast also includes Herbert Berghof as Harry's best friend among the bench warmers back in his old New York neighborhood, a beret-wearing radical of immigrant stock who claims that "we're in for a depression that will make the '30s look like a paradise" as he asks to see the latest Wall Street quotations in Harry's copy of the *Times*.

At the center of it all, of course, is Art Carney, an actor of persuasive intelligence who is best known to old Jackie Gleason TV-show fans who remember him as sewerman Ed Norton and those theatergoers who have been fortunate enough to watch him work on Broadway in comedies by the likes of Neil Simon and Brian Friel. It's hard to overestimate the difficulty inherent in playing a part that requires more reaction than action; Carney maximizes the possibilities of the role and gives as much texture as he can to this man who can't forget old dreams of a showbiz career, who fears pain more than death and who is willing to approve of just about any human activity as long as it holds the possibility of "promoting growth."

Harry and Tonto, to be sure, has other flaws besides the semi-shapelessness and passivity in the conception of its hero. It's too long, and, like all of this director's pictures, lacks a satisfactory ending. *Harry* does not have as much to say (to me, at any rate) as *Blume in Love*, the best account of liberal leisure-class marriage yet to be put down on film in the '70s. Nor, at this new film's best, does it contain the personal fire that ignites the wildest sections of the filmmaker's untidiest picture, *Alex in Wonderland*. But while I'm convinced that Paul Mazursky's best work is still to be done, that doesn't diminish the real impact of *Harry and Tonto*. It gives you that lift which can only come from being in the presence of a talent with a fabulous and understanding heart.

Maybe the reason that Blake Edwards made **The Tamarind Seed** is every bit as simple as one might think: maybe he genuinely believes that his wife, Julie Andrews, comes off best when showcased in an elaborate spectacle of mush. But, if that's the case, how does one account for *Darling Lili*, that movie of several years back in which this director played his favorite leading lady against type for such enormously effective results? I guess only Edwards can answer the question; in the meantime, we are left to ponder a sleepy, creaky and determinedly old-fashioned matinee movie that bears little resemblance to the many better pictures that have made up the bulk of this American filmmaker's career.

The Tamarind Seed is fundamentally concerned with the attempts of a suave Soviet agent (Omar Sharif) to woo a frigid staffer of the British Home Office (Andrews) following an apparently chance meeting in sultry Barbados during vacation season. Since their relationship crosses East-West party lines, the hero and heroine soon find themselves locked into a dangerous international intrigue which they are not only powerless to control but which also threatens their very lives. In this way, *Tamarind Seed* (which has a screenplay by the

Andrews with Sharif in Edwards' *Tamarind Seed*: what price marriage?

director, adapted from a novel by Evelyn Anthony) purports to wade into the familiar waters of cold-war suspense melodrama—or so it might seem. Actually, all of the story's spy-fiction paraphernalia (electronic eavesdropping, blackmailing, double-crosses galore) is nothing more than a backdrop for the truly burning question of the moment: will Andrews, who has given up men in the wake of a recent and bitter love affair, finally break down and let Sharif kiss her on the lips? . . . You pays your money and you takes your chances.

In other words, as hard as it may be to believe, Julie Andrews has actually retreated to the exact kind of role that brought her career to an abrupt collapse several years ago. Since, on this occasion, she uses stiff ideological debating points as a principal means for keeping her lecherous would-be lover at bay, one could conceivably (and charitably) describe this variation on her old persona as capitalism's answer to Ninotchka—only, unlike Garbo, she never laughs. To be honest, though, I don't really care all that much about what effect *Tamarind Seed* might have on this star's future fortunes; I'm far more concerned about the film's contribution to the continuing and precipitous decline in Edwards' reputation. It's hard to believe that the man who made *The Pink Panther, Shot in the Dark, What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?, Breakfast at Tiffany's, The Party* and the aforementioned *Lili* (a box-office bomb that is one of the more underrated films of recent times) can enjoy working in the service of such humorless and bankrupt material. *Tamarind Seed* has only one moment of tension (as Sharif waits for an elevator after pilfering some secret documents) and only one hint of the sweeping lyricism that the director, in his headiest moments, can be capable of (the opening credit sequence). In every other respect, the movie seems to be the work of a craftsman who has lost touch with himself—and that's a sad development for those of us who have identified Blake Edwards' work with the best of commercial American moviemaking during the past 10 years.

Death Wish, Michael Winner's new melodrama, postulates a liberal, Upper West Side denizen (Charles Bronson) who, after losing his wife at the hands of a gang of rapist-cutthroats, suddenly abandons his long-held pacifism (Dad died in a hunting accident) and sets out to kill every mugger he can find in the city of New York. As the director and his screenwriter, Wendell Mayes (working from a novel by Brian Garfield), view Manhattan, the hero has no shortage of targets; he can't look out a window, walk down a street or ride a subway without meeting up with an assailant or two, each of whom he knocks off forthwith. Soon, he single-handedly drives down Gotham's crime rate and, as the mysterious "vigilante" killer, becomes the subject of countless magazine cover stories. Indeed, magazine covers are the movie's primary visual motif; Winner shows us so many newsstand displays and media-plugging billboards that it's difficult to discount the possibility that the film was financed by a cabal of publishers.

That aside, there's not too much to say about *Death Wish*, a work of honest-to-God idiocy that is apparently meant to appeal to gun fanatics who get their kicks by watching a steady succes-

sion of human prey succumb to the shots of a crack marksman. (Peter Bogdanovich used a similar device, albeit for ironic purposes, in the climax of his first picture, *Targets*.) Lest the film be accused of preaching minority genocide, its creators have made sure that the muggers displayed reflect what seems to be an exact racial breakdown of the population of New York City. Lest anyone miss the point of it all, Bronson's work (he's a development engineer) takes him to Tucson early on, where he watches a tourist-trap western pageant that explains how cowboy gunmen were the pioneers who planted "the roots that grew into a nation." William Redfield and Vincent Gardenia, two top character actors, turn up in secondary roles, the latter as a chief cop who tends to speak to his underlings much as Gardenia-as-baseball-manager pep-talked his players in *Bang the Drum Slowly*.

Ophelia, a 1962 Claude Chabrol picture now having its first American release, may not be the worst film I've ever seen by this admirable director, but it's certainly a hot and heavy second to *Ten Days Wonder*. If you can pay attention—and it's not easy—you'll spot just about all the principal preoccupations that flower in Chabrol's best work, most of which follows *Ophelia* in his career. The movie's premise involves a reworking of *Hamlet*—a son believes his newly married mother and uncle murdered his father—and it's the terribly diagrammatic nature of the screenplay (written in collaboration with Martial Matthieu) that hardens the normally muted and entertaining obsessions of the director into overcooked psychodrama in *Ophelia*. The deathly bourgeoisie, the stifling climate of small French towns, the loony struggles at the dinner table and, most important, Chabrol's views on the manner in which murder can alter (and often liberate) triangular love relationships are all visible here—all too visible. Except for a bit involving a dead mouse and a scene in which the hero, while making a movie of his own, gives his actors a Hitchcockian lecture on the minimal value of acting, the film lacks wit or movement. The acting frequently borders on the dreadful. While Juliette Mayniel, as the title character (who alone rebels against the hero's fantasy), and Alida Valli (the mother) at least impart a morose beauty to a film that otherwise fails to evoke that desired atmosphere, Andre Jocelyn, who is on screen the entire time (or so it seems), is the worst Hamlet in memory—with the possible exception of Jack Benny's (intentionally) hilarious Dane in Lubitsch's classic farce, *To Be or Not To Be*.

Go to Chabrol movies, by all means—just forget about this one. You might start with his current *Wedding in Blood* (if you haven't been already); it remains one of the best movies to be seen so far this year.

If you're desperate and giddy enough, you can while away a few hours on the exploitation circuits this summer with two of the season's more peculiar throwaway entries. **Golden Needles**, with Joe Don Baker, Elizabeth Ashley and a sadly deteriorated Ann Sothern, is a crudely made action movie (director: Robert Clouse) that manages to exploit acupuncture even as it goes through the paces of a routine blood-and-guts Hong Kong action story. Some of it is so dumb, in a crazy and harmless fashion, that you may have a few laughs at the picture's expense. Unfortunately, however, *Golden Needles* doesn't quite burst into the all-time pantheon of so-bad-they're-good movies. Meanwhile, director Tonino Valerii, a Sergio Leone disciple, has come up with this year's first erstwhile spaghetti western, **My Name Is Nobody**, a slow and pensive account of the final adventures of a legendary fastest gun (Henry Fonda). Despite the film's playful attitude toward genre conventions, it's simply too arch and self-aware to offer much exhilaration or entertainment. Fonda's appealing presence eases the ride, as do the occasional joshing references to Leone and Sam Peckinpah, but never to the extent that the film grabs your attention and holds it for more than two minutes at a time.

I once had high hopes for Irwin Kershner, a director who aroused my interest some years back with an unusual (though somewhat poky) comedy called *The Flim-Flam Man*, which he then followed with *Loving*, a spectacularly witty account of marriage and infidelity in Fairfield County, Connecticut. But after this filmmaker's last picture, the gruesome *Up the Sandbox*, I began to get nervous, and now, having seen his new one, I'm nearly ready to throw in the towel. **S*P*Y*S**, a grim satire about two CIA agents adrift in Europe, does not contain so much as a single laugh or bright idea; even the borrowings from movies like Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three* and Theodore Flicker's *The President's Analyst* lack exuberance (and surely there must be some pleasure to be had from the act of stealing). Although Donald Sutherland and

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Elliott Gould appear together for the first time since *M*A*S*H*, their sole contribution to this enterprise is to provide a rationale for ripping off the title of that otherwise unrelated Robert Altman hit. Much to my horror, Zouzou, the fascinating lady of Eric Rohmer's *Chloe in the Afternoon,* is also on hand, playing a cardboard "anarchist" who (like all lefties in movies of this type) throws around the word "fascist" with wild abandon and likes to sleep with several of her comrades at a time.

Robert Taylor's **The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat** is a retread of Ralph Bashki's *Fritz the Cat,* which in turn was a retread of R. Crumb's justly celebrated *Zap Comix.* Enough is not only enough—it's too much. This third-generation incarnation of Fritz is 76 minutes of unadulterated torture, full of the kind of trippy animation that could give dope a bad name and the kind of pseudo-nasty language that could give bad taste a good one. Amazing as it sounds, the desperately hip screenwriters have actually found a way to include the expressions "blows my mind," "far out" and "rapping" in a single sentence—an achievement they then top by doing likewise for "hung up," "strung out" and "up tight." Ain't that the cat's meow?

MUSIC

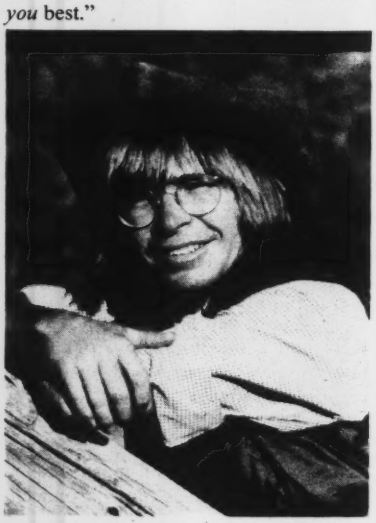
Growing pains

By Janet Maslin

John Denver and I go back a long way together. We go back, specifically, to one summer evening in 1967 when the Mitchell Trio was scheduled to play the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park. We go back, even more specifically, to the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-Third Street, where I was waiting for the light to change and noticed John Denver waiting, too. I recognized him because he carried a guitar case and because I was at that time the only person in America to have purchased the last three Mitchell Trio albums, the ones on which he appears. And I decided to track him to the Wollman skating rink on the basis of "Leaving on a Jet Plane," which the Trio had just recorded in a much sweeter version than Peter, Paul and Mary's, with Denver singing an especially sweet lead.

I was still 50 paces behind him when we got to the rink, but it seemed to me that he looked nervous. So I was surprised that once he hit the stage he was such a natural, so much more fun than Chad Mitchell (whom Denver had replaced as the group's lead singer and resident cut-up) had been. He could get a little silly at times; I remember his antics included stuff like a "trombone solo," i.e., sputtered trombone noises accompanied by fake hand gestures and giggling. But even in those days, especially in those days, there was something fresh about him. One would never have thought to begrudge him his good cheer, of which he had an oversupply.

Four years later I met Gordon Lightfoot, another hero of my teen years, under only slightly more respectable circumstances. He was giving a concert and I was reviewing it, seated conveniently at front row center. The positioning was bad for the neck but otherwise ideal, affording me not only an excellent view of the dreamy-eyed main attraction but also a chance to read his mail. Fan after fan tiptoed up to the microphone stand at half-time, bearing notes, bracelets, roses and the like; one even delivered a record. It was Mozart, inscribed with a line I still remember: "After him, I like *you* best."



John Denver: in love with the Rockies.

Lightfoot backstage was something of a shock; he had changed from his white lace stage shirt to something black and sloppy, reeking of beer and looking about as dreamy as a Hell's Angel out on bail. I don't recall the exact details of our conversation, but it had to do with an invasion from outer space which Lightfoot—with oddly raised eyebrows and a most insistent peer—kept insisting was dangerously imminent.

Now these are the sort of memories that one ought ordinarily to let rest, I'm sure. So I would never presume to dredge them up now, were it not for the way in which Fate has recently juggled Lightfoot's and Denver's respective careers, and boggled the mind of yours truly. Fate has seen fit to introduce these two old faves of mine at last—and in no less auspicious a place than atop *Billboard*'s album, singles and Easy Listening charts, where their respective latest works are currently doing battle. May the better man win.

Lightfoot and Denver are the only two aging proponents of the 1960's commercial folk sound to have demonstrated strong staying power. And neither of them has changed his style much over the years; remarkable, really, if you remember Joan Baez or Buffy Sainte-Marie trying to sing rock and roll. Denver is as aggressively fresh-faced as ever, Lightfoot as romantically sullen, and neither one has modified so much as he has expanded upon his original style. Denver's voice and delivery were always simple untoplainness and they still are; if he's come to take himself so seriously as a songwriter, that seems to be more a function of his whirlwind commercial success than of any artistic development. Lightfoot has become a much better and slightly less sentimental lyricist than he once was, and several albums back he hit upon the perfect taut, ringing production style. But he, too, has made virtually no concessions to changing times.

Both of them draw on essentially the same audience, a sort of aging folkie/early MOR crowd. But the nature of their appeal, as demonstrated by their respective current hit singles, is so different as to bear some scrutiny. Denver's "Annie's Song" and Lightfoot's "Sun-

down" are each love songs of sorts; both use simple guitar arrangements and have a clean, unabrasive sound on the AM radio. However, "Sundown" is just about as sultry as an AM song can get; its heroine, described as "looking like a queen in a sailor's dream," is envisioned "lying back in her satin dress/In a room where you do what you don't confess." The song hints darkly of sexual treachery and deceit; its narrator admits to both lust and "feeling mean." His sexual tension and the air of maturity Lightfoot's music always carries dominate the song and its tough, hard-bitten arrangement.

"Annie's Song" is, by contrast, shameless pablum. Its would-be eroticism bogs down in typical nouveau-Denver overstatement, as the object of the singer's affection (his wife) is compared to various geological configurations ("mountains in springtime") and weather conditions ("a storm on the desert"). Where Lightfoot's delivery builds tension out of tight control, Denver's is gushy and shrill, a McKuenesque attempt to swamp the listener in nice vibes. While Lightfoot's song seems to carry all the emotional charge of a real sexual relationship, Denver's idealizing renders reality quite irrelevant. It makes unfortunate but perfect sense that John Denver is vastly more popular than Gordon Lightfoot will ever be.

Sundown is only one of a string of quietly superb albums Lightfoot has been putting out since "If You Could Read My Mind," and not even the best of the lot, though the success of the "Sundown" single has made this his most popular LP to date. The album's first cut, "Somewhere, U.S.A.," starts abruptly in mid-song, as though the whole record were just one installment of a larger project—which, in a way, it is. Lightfoot has been writing what are essentially variations on the same few songs for years, although his work never feels repetitive or tired. It has real consistency to it, and it seems to come genuinely from within, rather than being an outgrowth of some superficial stage persona. Lightfoot's music has a mature center to it, a center within him, that renders it durable and whole.

And John Denver, however ingratiating he was to begin with, is losing more and more integrity with each new formula album, each too-carefully staged concert, each potential TV special. His music and his image are at one, which is always a suspicious situation in the case of so "personal" a songwriter. But the image—relentlessly happy, close to nature, in love with the Rockies, high on life—has its limitations; there's just so much you can say about these things, and unfortunately for Denver he has already said it. The only possible extension of his material comes via exaggeration, which is what he has become trapped into doing of late. With each new album the proclamations of inner peace become more strident and less believable. Credibility problems have done nothing to damage his popularity thus far, but everything, even audience idealism in times of widespread depression, has its limits. If Denver continues his pandering, and if his success further widens the gap between his unassailably blissed-out persona and actual state of mind, it's all bound to backfire sooner or later.

I still see a Gordon Lightfoot concert every year or so, and it doesn't seem that Lightfoot's changed much, publicly or otherwise. But when I watch John Denver out-cute even David Steinberg as he guest hosts the *Tonight Show*, or wince to the platitudes of his current *Back Home Again* album, I can't help feeling nostalgic for that giddy, unself-conscious cut-up in Central Park, trombone solo and all. I wonder if John Denver ever feels that way himself.

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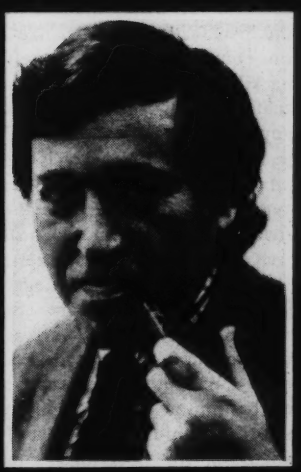

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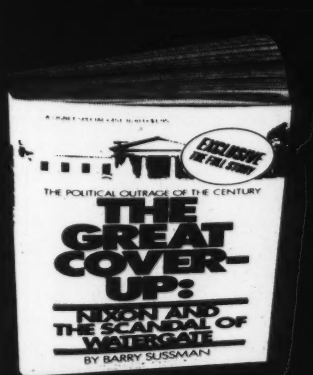
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BOOKS

Gathering in some sheaves

By Geoffrey Wolff

Ross and Tom *by John Leggett.* Simon and Schuster (447 pp., $9.95).
The Life and Death of Yukio Mishima *by Henry Scott-Stokes.* Farrar, Straus and Giroux (344 pp., $10).

During 1948 the following occurred: Ross Lockridge's *Raintree County,* published by Houghton Mifflin, made its author a bundle of money. And Thomas Heggen's *Mister Roberts,* also published by Houghton Mifflin, also making its author a bundle, opened on Broadway to extraordinary critical notices. Ross Lockridge killed himself.

During 1949 the following occurred: Yukio Mishima's *Confessions of a Mask* was published in Japan and launched its author on a literary career that would make him wealthy beyond need, that would translate him into a cultural personage of Mailer-like dimension. Tom Heggen killed himself. Mishima killed himself, too, in a theatrical ritual disembowelment, in 1970. These temporal correspondences signify nothing, nothing at all. Yet such is the silence that reaches you and me from across the frontier of self-slaughter that students of suicide (and who is not such a student?) reach unto the calendar for messages.

So just as John Leggett and Henry Scott-Stokes hawkshaw for assassins—the Bitch Goddess Success for all three, manic depression for Lockridge, booze and creative impotence for Heggen, barbiturates for Heggen, homosexuality for Mishima, fascism for Mishima, exhaustion for Lockridge—some deep thinker or other is sure to conclude that 1948 was a killing year, or 1949, or that Houghton Mifflin should use a death's head for its imprimatur. All of us have known suicides. What secrets have any of us learned from them? We thrash around the thicket of riddles they leave behind, looking for clues, finding nothing.

Why bother? I suppose because of the truth William James wrote, that when a man kills himself "the fact consecrates him forever. Inferior to ourselves in this way or that, if yet we cling to life, and he is able 'to fling it away like a flower' as caring nothing for it, we account him in the deepest way our born superior."

The conventional, and banal, response to the suicide is that he is a coward, that courage adheres to those who endure. Maybe so, probably so, but who feels no awe, no terror, in the contemplation of final acts and irreversible vectors? Henry Scott-Stokes is a young English journalist, and as Tokyo bureau chief of the London *Times* he came to know Mishima, who liked him and confided in him. During the last year of Mishima's life he wrote Scott-Stokes a letter suggesting that suicide might be the only

logical end to his literary career. Scott-Stokes confesses to contempt for the letter: "Cannot but detect self-pity in this odd letter to a comparative stranger: a bit disgusted."

But of course. Mishima was a flamboyant little fellow, obsessed by blood and decadence and self-mutilation. He had his first orgasm looking at a painting of St. Sebastian shot full of arrows. He starred in a movie made from his short story, "Patriotism," in which he cut open his belly and had himself beheaded prefiguring exactly his own end. He maundered on about the need for heroes, and established a comic opera army, the Shield Society, which performed a comic-opera coup at army headquarters in downtown Tokyo before he delivered an incomprehensible comic-opera speech to bewildered and jeering soldiers gathered below the balcony from which he ranted like a wild Mussolini.

Nothing invites such contempt as such bavarde as Mishima's: LOOK AT ME! LISTEN TO ME! I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF! But then he did it, and upon the stroke his words became prophecy, his acts a long rehearsal for death. He said he wanted to make a poem of his life, *yeah, yeah, yeah.* He said the only way to defeat death was to take it by surprise, *yeah, yeah, yeah.* He also said that "one has to take responsibility for what one says once one has said it. The same is true of the written word. If one writes: 'I will die in November,' then one has to die. If you make light of words once, you will go on doing so."

Scott-Stokes is writing about Mishima only because Mishima kept his promise, and he quite properly feels ambiguous about the enterprise. For the past three years I've been working on a book about Harry Crosby, a poet and publisher, the nephew of J. P. Morgan Jr., who spent the last seven of his 31 years planning his own death, promising it would come soon, using it as material for his verses, sorting out the rival possibilities of death by gunshot, death by poison, death by the blade, death by jumping from the open cockpit of an airplane. In 1929 he did it, shot himself and a girlfriend. Because he did, his poems and plans and prophecies are fascinating documents, mysterious and potent, defiant. Had he never done it, had he pulled back, had he never meant to do it at all, he'd be no more than the club bore, another Polonious of doomsayers, an old geezer clucking and shaking his head over the good old days when he had sowed his wild oats. Can anyone imagine a book about such a man?

But aren't my coordinates screwed up? Aren't I suggesting that nothing is so important in a man's life as his leaving it? I would say that this is peculiarly true of such artists as have built an aesthetic upon self-celebration, and self-destruction. Nothing but suicide could liberate Mishima's declarations—

"But my heart's leaning was for Death and Night and Blood"—from posturing frivolity. For a serious writer to rehearse his death in print is to build himself a suffocating cell.

Camus wrote that suicide is "prepared within the heart, as is a great work of art." But Camus was arguing against suicide in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, and suicide is no work of art. Art effaces and exhausts the artist; it is a process of benign self-obliteration. Suicide is not a poem's final stanza (though many self-murdered poet believed otherwise); it is a concession that the poems in a man are finished. That is a different kind of statement than art makes. Mishima delivered the last novel of his four-book saga, *The Sea of Fertility*, the day he killed himself. What he did then was what Cesare Pavese did when he finally, finally, wrote in his notebook: "I am sickened by all this. Not words. Action. I shall write no more."

Great words to begin a novel. In the event they teach nothing. They merely authenticate the author's seriousness, his sincerity. Perhaps for some authors this is enough to make death welcome. God knows it is no easy thing to be taken seriously. Ten thousand people attended Mishima's funeral. His books had become commercial flops before he had his homosexual lover cut off his head. His wife's income from his work the year following his death was a quarter-million dollars. Surely Sylvia Plath's phenomenal success and legendary status derives less from her work than from her violent taking-off. A young mother, at the edge of what was shaping as a fine career in poetry, fulfilled the barren, killing prophecy of her metaphors. Then, only then, were the poems ratified. Now, like her so-so novel *The Bell Jar*, her work is a prolonged suicide note, something consequential, to be picked apart for clues and portents.

A. Alvarez's *Savage God*, published in 1972, read the lustrous roll of writers dead by their own hands: Virginia Wolff, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, Randall Jarrell, Vladimir Mayakovsky, John Berryman, Sergei Esenin, many, many more. Ross Lockridge and Tom Heggen, the first a bloated, prolix monster of self-regard and the latter a deft sketcher, are not of this exalted company. But they are just as dead, and like their betters could speak if they would from the authority of a final, dwarfing act.

Alvarez, summing the inventory, could not help but conclude that writing is the most dangerous of professions. (In

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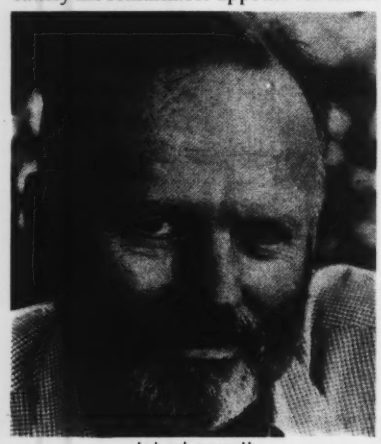
fact, medical doctors lead the suicide statistics, and more businessmen rush eagerly to the far shore than either poets or disappointed lovers.) Why? Is it the inhuman pressure a man puts upon himself trying to make an inhumanly perfect thing? Does the poet live too deep within the warrens where truth hides for fresh air to reach and nourish him? Perhaps he lives too high, is scorched by the sun. Or perhaps the insulting canard—that writers write for therapy, as more regular men move their bowels—has a malign mirror image: that writing of waste and terror terrifies and wastes. Or perhaps the poet dies of the exile imposed upon him by his indifferent brothers. Perhaps he dies for your sins?

These are pretty speculations, and common as dirt. Choose any as cause, choose none, who knows about such things? John Leggett, a fine novelist who went to Houghton Mifflin as an editor the year after Tom Heggen's suicide, and heard whispers about the publishing company's lost authors, has set himself the hard, low task of discovering why two men, who happened also to write, wanted so badly to die that they rushed the miserable event, Lockridge at 34, Heggen at 29. Lockridge killed himself by running the motor of his new Kaiser a couple of hours in a closed garage. Heggen drowned in his bath in New York, riding low in the water from a heavy cargo of booze and barbiturates.

Both were exhausted from overwork. Neither could get a new book underway. Both were confused by their celebrity. Lockridge considered himself better than the world's estimate of him, and Heggen considered himself worse. Lockridge went first, and he might have helped drag Heggen after him. Heggen was obsessed by Lockridge's suicide, though the two had never met, and considered going to Indiana where the author of *Raintree County* had been born, schooled and buried to hunt for some secret, the secret the dead never seem to share.

Like all suicides, Lockridge and Heggen scattered symptoms all over the place, symptoms of derangement to be divined after their death, symptoms that would torment their miserable survivors who would learn too late that all was not bluffing and whining. Lockridge was possessed by the insane persuasion that his publisher was screwing him out of movie money. Heggen thought he was being diddled by Joshua Logan, who insisted on sharing the author's credit for the dramatic version of Heggen's novel, *Mister Roberts*. Lockridge had been obliged to cut his huge book tremendously, first by Houghton Mifflin, then by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who bought it for $150,000), then by the Book of the Month Club. Heggen grieved to watch his own work diminished piecemeal as it moved toward Broadway, where the acclaim fell more toward Logan as director and part-author than toward Heggen.

Okay, they both had a tough time, the kind of tough time any jackpot writer suffers in this country. But I don't believe for a moment that writing provoked the kinds of pathologies that killed them. Rather, because they suffered early on the kinds of pathologies they suffered, they became writers. In Spain the kid on the make reaches for Cardinal or Numero Uno (either matador or soccer player). Here it's novelist. Lockridge was a bullshitter with delusions of grandeur. So he sought a license to bullshit and to satisfy his remarkable appetite for fame.



John Leggett

What less would do than that absurd and unpalatable stew, the Great American Novel? Chasing whales, as Melville understood, is the only suitable metaphor for the killing and comic quest for our Big National Book—chasing whales that never were and never shall be. Lockridge thought himself to be better than Wolfe, than Joyce, than Hemingway, than Dos Passos. He compared himself with Plato and Shakespeare, *out loud, in print*! He assured his editor at Houghton Mifflin that the Book of the Month Club would take *Raintree County* because "they have on their hands a literary phenomenon, which, whatever may ultimately be said of the book, surely will not come their way again in a lifetime or a lifetime of lifetimes." This is what we vulgarly call *crazy stuff*.

The book was praised by most critics, as literary phenomena and curiosities have a way of being praised. But *Newsweek* was onto it: "It spreads everywhere, like beer slopped on a table." *The New Yorker* saw it plain as "just the sort of plump turkey they bake to a turn in Hollywood." Lockridge may have guessed they were right. Whatever, nothing could have satisfied his demands, nothing in this world.

Heggen's, by contrast, seemed more modest. Early on he said, "I do not have any delusions about being a great writer. Or even of making a living from writing, although that is easy enough to do in its lowest forms. What I want to do is write, not be a writer." A sensible young man. In the event, he found it unbearably painful to get to work, made as much as $11,000 a week from a play he came to disavow, shamed himself by working for *Readers' Digest*, let himself fall apart. Success unsettled him and his friends: "They suspected he wanted to hear flattery, which he did, as they supplied it and it sounded like hypocrisy, which it was, and trust became falsehood."

I hope it's clear from this passage what a shrewd and deft and elegant intelligence Leggett enjoys. His book is generous and as honest as they come. But he wouldn't have written it had he not been looking for some pattern behind it all, beyond the symptoms. And the pattern he discovers is the American victimization of talented men. He writes of Lockridge's death as though it were more murder than suicide: "*if only* it hadn't been America where overnight success is both a legend and a major industry. One of the arresting features of Ross's story is its Americaness—the native dream of conquest and triumphant homecoming, turned nightmare."

So the story goes: poor Scotty Fitz, nibbled to death by Hollywood parasites. Poor Marilyn Monroe, poor David Whiting, poor Ross, poor Tom. Yet one of the most moving things in Leggett's book is his story of the shrewd way Lockridge whored after publicity and manipulated journalists and press agents. This isn't just an American's death; this is a writer's, after all, a writer trying with calculation to order his pathology, his monstrous appetite, his rival cosmos, his divine mess. "Whatever made me think I could get away with it?" Lockridge asked. Wonderful question. Just before he checked out he became calm and serene, like Heggen, like Alvarez before he tried to kill himself. Tell me why they smile that way, that's what I want to know. Is it in the face of a final deliverance, or at the nasty joke of a final manipulation?

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By Mark Goodman

Friday night, the late 1950s, a bleachered high school stadium. The Midwestern night is crisp as an autumn apple, and otherworldly in the luminous glare of artificial light. The band's bass drum booms fast, like ack-ack fire, as black-and-gold-clad cheerleaders lead the stands in the thundering cry: COW-hide, HORSEhide, ANY kind of LEAther, WE can beat St. VINcent, in ANY KIND OF WEATHER!!

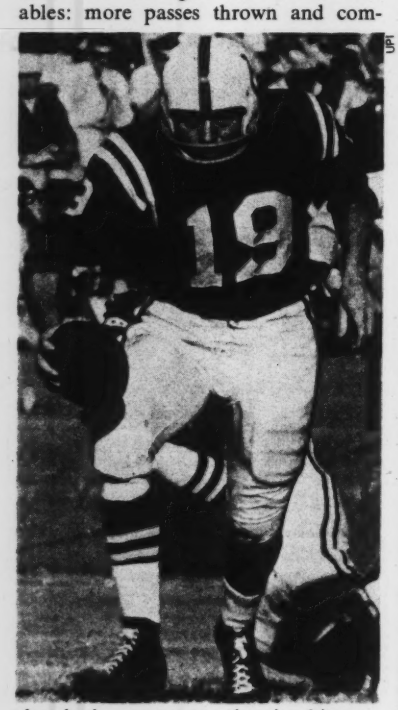
Into the huddle, lungs pumping like bellows, steaming breath. "Roll pass, left end flare, right end post, on two. Let's GO!" Clap, up to the line, survey the green-shirted defense poised before you. Signals must be shouted above the BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. "WisCONsin. ReaDYYYY, SET! Wone-HIT! Two-HIT!" Snap! Spin, fake to fullback, secrete ball on hip, roll left. Spot your man, a sliver of black and gold driving toward the sideline. Stop, plant, fire, THUMP! The next thing you see is from the supine, a vermilion Irish face breathing Dentyne into yours. But you hear the roar and the referee's whistle. Complete! BOOM - BOOM - BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

You stand up, hands on hips, triumphant; for one gorgeous moment you are no longer just a garden-variety quarterback on the playing fields of Cuyahoga Falls. You are Johnny Unitas.

That's who we dreamed of being, all we coltish quarterbacks with our wobbly spirals and our alleged legerdemain with a football. That's why we suffered all the injuries gladly for the gossamer hope that someday, someday, we too could stand in the severe shadows of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium and mow down National Football League defenses like a crack machine gunner.

Johnny Unitas was a god, all right, but a young god, an attainable god. He was only a few years removed from playing for little-known Louisville U., being drafted ninth by the Pittsburgh Steelers and then dropped with scarcely a look. He was picked up a year later by the Baltimore Colts for an 85-cent phone call. He arrived at camp in 1956 hoping only to land the backup job behind George Shaw, but Shaw had his knee wrecked. Coach Weeb Ewbank looked down his bench and—Horatio, take it away.

You can't tell the immortals without a stat sheet, folks, so here they are, the list of solid-gold Unitas unbreakables: more passes thrown and completed than anyone else in history; 40,239 yards gained in the sky, 290 touchdown passes thrown—as well as TD tosses in an incredible string of 47 consecutive games. He led the Colts to four NFL titles, was thrice named the league's Most Valuable Player and acclaimed the outstanding professional football player of the 1960s. Now 41 years of age and 18 years of commercialized violence have forced the fabulous Johnny U. to hang up his No. 19 jersey and the preposterous high-top cleats that became his trademark.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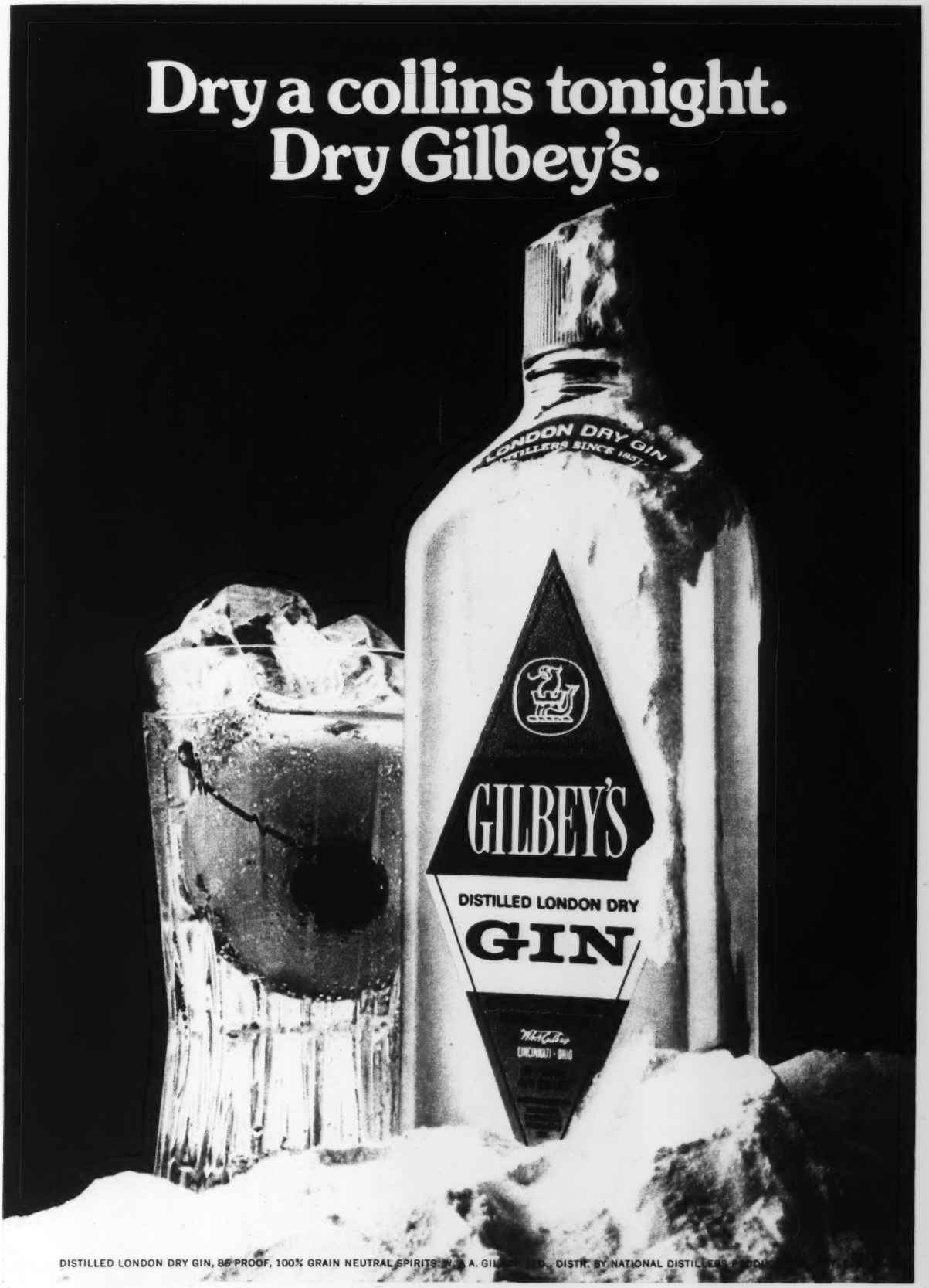
Unitas joined the pantheon of gods before deification commanded six figures and demanded a flaming personal style. At the height of John's career another poor boy from Pennsylvania came along to quarterback the New York Jets; soon John's quaint black shoes, crew cut and homely homilies made him an anachronism of brontosaurian proportions. A shy, sometimes surly public figure, Unitas admitted to preferring children to adults (he has five of his own), did not pretend to understand the changes in styles and attitudes roiling around him. Humiliated at being benched in 1972, a prideful Unitas demanded to be traded, then sued the Colt management for $725,000 for "malicious breach of contract."

Earlier this year, when he was still preparing to begin his second season with the San Diego Chargers, Unitas finally vented his feelings about pro football's shifting tone. "The game is a lot different than it was," he said. "The guys just don't have the dedication I would like them to have. You can't get them to do the things they should be doing. They don't seem to care whether they play football or not as long as they make the team and get their checks." When the current players' strike was called, Unitas proclaimed himself the first scab. "If they want me to join their strike," he said, "let them pay my salary."

The departure of Unitas reduces our number of mythic creatures by one. It reminds me with particular poignance that it has been many seasons since I scrambled from beneath a green-shirted tackle to hear the roar that told me I had thrown a football straight and true into the hands of a sturdy teammate. Now I must content myself with settling before the tube with other armchair quarterbacks to watch the Roanoke Rednecks play the Boston Stranglers, and I will dream no more silver dreams of becoming another John Unitas. But then, I am comforted; no one else will ever become another John Unitas either. ●

Dry a collins tonight.
Dry Gilbey's.



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